

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER LVI.

BEFORE THE DOOR.



THOUGH Lord Kilgobbin, when he awoke somewhat late in the afternoon, did not exactly complain of headache, he was free to admit that his faculties were slightly clouded, and that his memory was not to the desired extent retentive of all that passed on the preceding night. Indeed, beyond the fact—which he reiterated with great energy—that “old Flood, Tory though he was, was a good fellow, an excellent fellow, and had a marvellous bin of port wine,” his son Dick was totally unable to get any information from him. “Bigot, if you like, or Blue Protestant, and all the rest of it; but a fine hearty old soul, and an Irishman to the heart’s core!” This was the sum of information which

a two hours’ close cross-examination elicited; and Dick was sulkily about to leave the room in blank disappointment, when the old man suddenly amazed him by asking—“And do you tell me that you have been lounging about the town all the morning, and have learned nothing? Were you down to the gaol? Have you seen O’Shea? What’s *his* account of it? Who began the row? Has he any bones broken? Do you know any-

thing at all?" cried he, as the blank look of the astonished youth seemed to imply utter ignorance, as well as dismay.

"First of all," said Dick, drawing a long breath, "I have not seen O'Shea; nobody is admitted to see him. His injuries about the head are so severe the doctors are in dread of erysipelas."

"What if he had? Have not every one of us had the erysipelas some time or other; and, barring the itching, what's the great harm?"

"The doctors declare that if it come, they will not answer for his life."

"They know best, and I'm afraid they know why also. Oh dear, oh dear! if there's anything the world makes no progress in, it's the science of medicine. Everybody now dies of what we all used to have when I was a boy! Sore throats, small-pox, colic, are all fatal since they've found out Greek names for them, and with their old vulgar titles they killed nobody."

"Gorman is certainly in a bad way, and Doctor Rogan says it will be some days before he could pronounce him out of danger."

"Can he be removed? Can we take him back with us to Kilgobbin?"

"That is utterly out of the question; he cannot be stirred, and requires the most absolute rest and quiet. Besides that, there is another difficulty,—I don't know if they would permit us to take him away."

"What! do you mean, refuse our bail?"

"They have got affidavits to show old Gill's life's in danger; he is in high fever to-day, and raving furiously, and if he should die, McEvoy declares that they'll be able to send bills for manslaughter, at least, before the grand jury."

"There's more of it!" cried Kilgobbin, with a long whistle. "Is it Rogan swears that the fellow is in danger?"

"No; it's Tom Price, the dispensary doctor; and, as Miss Betty withdrew her subscription last year, they say he swore he'd pay her off for it."

"I know Tom, and I'll see to that," said Kearney. "Are the affidavits sworn?"

"No. They're drawn out; McEvoy is copying them now; but they'll be ready by three o'clock."

"I'll have Rogan to swear that the boy must be removed at once. We'll take him over with us; and once at Kilgobbin, they'll want a regiment of soldiers if they mean to take him. It is nigh twelve o'clock now, is it not?"

"It is on the stroke of two, sir."

"Is it possible? I believe I overslept myself in the strange bed. Be alive now, Dick, and take the 2.40 train to town. Call on McKeown, and find out where Miss Betty is stopping; break this business to her gently,—for with all that damnable temper, she has a fine womanly heart—tell her the poor boy was not to blame at all; that he went over to see her, and

knew nothing of the place being let out or hired; and tell her, besides, that the blackguards that beat him were not her own people at all, but villains from another barony that old Gill brought over to work on short wages. Mind that you say that, or we'll have more law, and more trouble—notice to quit, and the devil knows what. I know Miss Betty well, and she'd not leave a man on a townland if they raised a finger against one of her name! There now, you know what to do: go and do it!"

To hear the systematic and peremptory manner in which the old man detailed all his directions, one would have pronounced him a model of orderly arrangement and rule. Having despatched Dick to town, however, he began to bethink him of all the matters on which he was desirous to learn Miss O'Shea's mind. Had she really leased the Barn to this man Gill: and if so, for what term? And was her quarrel with her nephew of so serious a nature that she might hesitate as to taking his side here,—at least, till she knew he was in the right; and then, was he in the right? That was, though the last, the most vital consideration of all.

"I'd have thought of all these if the boy had not hurried me so. These hot-headed fellows have never room in their foolish brains for anything like consecutive thought; they can just entertain the one idea, and till they dismiss that, they cannot admit another. Now, he'll come back by the next train, and bring me the answer to one of my queries, if even that!" sighed he, as he went on with his dressing.

"All this blessed business," muttered he to himself, "comes of this blundering interference with the land laws. Paddy hears that they have given him some new rights and privileges, and no mock-modesty of his own will let him lose any of them, and so he claims everything. Old experience had taught him that with a bold heart and a blunderbuss he need not pay much rent; but Mr. Gladstone—long life to him—had said, 'We must do something for you.' Now what could that be? He'd scarcely go so far as to give them out Minié rifles, or Chassepots, though arms of precision, as they call them, would have put many a poor fellow out of pain—as Bob Magrath said when he limped into the public-house with a ball in his back—'It's only a "healing measure," don't make a fuss about it.'"

"Mr. Flood wants to see your honour when you're dressed," said the waiter, interrupting his soliloquy.

"Where is he?"

"Walking up and down, sir, forenent the door."

"Will ye say I'm coming down? I'm just finishing a letter to the Lord Lieutenant," said Kilgobbin, with a sly look to the man, who returned the glance with its rival, and then left the room.

"Will you not come in and sit down?" said Kearney, as he cordially shook Flood's hand.

"I have only five minutes to stay, and with your leave, Mr. Kearney, we'll pass it here;" and taking the other's arm, he proceeded to walk up and down before the door of the inn.

"You know Ireland well—few men better, I am told—and you have no need, therefore, to be told how the rumoured dislikes of party, the reported jealousies and rancours of this set to that, influence the world here. It will be a fine thing, therefore, to show these people here that the Liberal Mr. Kearney and that bigoted old Tory, Tom Flood, were to be seen walking together, and in close confab. It will show them, at all events, that neither of us wants to make party capital out of this scrimmage, and that he who wants to affront one of us, cannot, on that ground, at least, count upon the other. Just look at the crowd that is watching us already! There's a fellow neglecting the sale of his pig to stare at us, and that young woman has stopped gartering her stocking for the last two minutes in sheer curiosity about us."

Kearney laughed heartily as he nodded assent.

"You follow me, don't you?" asked Flood. "Well then, grant me the favour I'm about to ask, and it will show me that you see all these things as I do. This row may turn out more seriously than we thought for. That scoundrel Gill is in a high fever to-day—I would not say that just out of spite the fellow would not die. Who knows if it may not become a great case at the assizes; and if so, Kearney, let us have public opinion with us. There are scores of men who will wait to hear what you and I say of this business. There are hundreds more who will expect us to disagree. Let us prove to them that this is no feud between Orange and Green; this is nothing of dispute between Whig and Tory, or Protestant and Papist; but a free fight, where, more shame to them, fifty fell upon one. Now what you must grant me is leave to send this boy back to Kilgobbin in my own carriage, and with my own liveries. There is not a peasant cutting turf on the bog will not reason out his own conclusions when he sees it. Don't refuse me, for I have set my heart on it."

"I'm not thinking of refusing. I was only wondering to myself what my daughter Kitty will say when she sees me sitting behind the blue and orange liveries."

"You may send me back with the green flag over me the next day I dine with you," cried Flood, and the compact was ratified.

"It is more than half-past already," said Flood. "We are to have a full bench at three; so be ready to give your bail, and I'll have the carriage at the corner of the street, and you shall set off with the boy at once."

"I must say," said Kearney, "whatever be your Tory faults, lukewarmness is not one of them! You stand to me like an old friend in all this trouble."

"Maybe it's time to begin to forget old grudges. Kearney, I believe in my heart neither of us is as bad as the other thinks him. Are you aware that they are getting affidavits to refuse the bail?"

"I know it all; but I have sent a man to McEvoy about a case that will take all his morning; and he'll be too late with his affidavits."

"By the time he is ready, you and your charge will be snug in

Kilgobbin ; and another thing, Kearney—for I have thought of the whole matter—you'll take out with you that little vermin Price, the doctor, and treat him well. He'll be as indiscreet as you wish, and be sure to give him the opportunity. There, now, give me your most affectionate grasp of the hand, for there's an attentive public watching us."

CHAPTER LVII.

A DOCTOR.

YOUNG O'Shea made the journey from Kilbeggan to Kilgobbin Castle in total unconsciousness. The symptoms had now taken the form which doctors call concussion ; and though to a first brief question he was able to reply reasonably and well, the effort seemed so exhausting that to all subsequent queries he appeared utterly indifferent ; nor did he even by look acknowledge that he heard them.

Perfect and unbroken quiet was enjoined as his best, if not his only, remedy ; and Kate gave up her own room for the sick man, as that most remote from all possible disturbance, and away from all the bustle of the house. The doctors consulted on his case in the fashion that a country physician of eminence condescends to consult with a small local practitioner. Dr. Rogan pronounced his opinion, prophetically declared the patient in danger, and prescribed his remedies, while Price, agreeing with everything, and even slavishly abject in his manner of concurrence, went about amongst the underlings of the household saying, "There's two fractures of the frontal bone. It's trepanned he ought to be ; and when there's an inquest on the body, I'll declare I said so."

Though nearly all the care of providing for the sick man's nursing fell to Kate Kearney, she fulfilled the duty without attracting any notice whatever, or appearing to feel as if any extra demand were made upon her time or her attention, so much so, that a careless observer might have thought her far more interested in providing for the reception of the aunt than in cares for the nephew.

Dick Kearney had written to say that Miss Betty was so overwhelmed with affliction at young Gorman's mishap that she had taken to bed, and could not be expected to be able to travel for several days. She insisted, however, on two telegrams daily to report on the boy's case, and asked which of the great Dublin celebrities of physic should be sent down to see him.

"They're all alike to me," said Kilgobbin ; "but if I was to choose, I think I'd say Dr. Chute."

This was so far unlucky, since Dr. Chute had then been dead about forty years ; scarcely a junior of the profession having so much as heard his name.

"We really want no one," said Rogan. "We are doing most favour-

ably in every respect. If one of the young ladies would sit and read to him, but not converse, it would be a service. He made the request himself this morning, and I promised to repeat it."

A telegram, however, announced that Sir St. Xavier Brennan would arrive the same evening, and as Sir X. was physician in chief to the nuns of the Bleeding Heart, there could be little doubt whose orthodoxy had chosen him.

He came at nightfall—a fat, comely-looking, somewhat unctuous gentleman, with excellent teeth and snow-white hands, symmetrical and dimpled like a woman's. He saw the patient, questioned him slightly, and divined without waiting for it what the answer should be; he was delighted with Rogan, pleased with Price, but he grew actually enthusiastic over those charming nurses, Nina and Kate.

"With such sisters of charity to tend me, I'd consent to pass my life as an invalid," cried he.

Indeed, to listen to him, it would seem that, whether from the salubrity of the air, the peaceful quietude of the spot, the watchful kindness and attention of the surroundings, or a certain general air—an actual atmosphere of benevolence and contentment around—there was no pleasure of life could equal the delight of being laid up at Kilgobbin.

"I have a message for you from my old friend Miss O'Shea," said he to Kate the first moment he had the opportunity of speaking with her alone. "It is not necessary to tell you that I neither know, nor desire to know, its import. Her words were these: 'Tell my godchild to forgive me if she still has any memory for some very rude words I once spoke. Tell her that I have been sorely punished for them since, and that till I know I have her pardon, I have no courage to cross her doors.' This was my message, and I was to bring back your answer."

"Tell her," cried Kate, warmly, "I have no place in my memory but for the kindnesses she has bestowed on me, and that I ask no better boon from fortune than to be allowed to love her, and to be worthy of her love."

"I will repeat every word you have told me; and I am proud to be bearer of such a speech. May I presume, upon the casual confidence I have thus acquired, to add one word for myself; and it is as the doctor I would speak?"

"Speak freely. What is it?"

"It is this, then: you young ladies keep your watches in turn in the sick room. The patient is unfit for much excitement, and, as I dare not take the liberty of imposing a line of conduct on Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have resolved to run the hazard with *you*! Let *hers* be the task of entertaining him: let *her* be the reader—and he loves being read to—and the talker, and the narrator of whatever goes on. To you be the part of quiet watchfulness and care, to bathe the heated brow, or the burning hand, to hold the cold cup to the parched lips, to adjust the pillow, to temper the light, and renew the air of the sick-room, but to speak seldom, if at all. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly ; and you are wise and acute in your distribution of labour ; each of us has her fitting station."

"I dared not have said this much to *her* ; my doctor's instinct told me I might be frank with *you*."

"You are safe in speaking to me," said she, calmly.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I give these suggestions without any concert with my patient. I have not only abstained from consulting, but——"

"Forgive my interrupting you, Sir X. It was quite unnecessary to tell me this."

"You are not displeased with me, dear lady ?" said he, in his softest of accents.

"No ; but do not say anything which might make me so."

The doctor bowed reverentially, crossed his white hands on his waistcoat, and looked like a saint ready for martyrdom.

Kate frankly held out her hand in token of perfect cordiality, and her honest smile suited the action well.

"Tell Miss Betty that our sick charge shall not be neglected, but that we want her here herself to help us."

"I shall report your message word for word," said he, as he withdrew.

As the doctor drove back to Dublin, he went over a variety of things in his thoughts. There were serious disturbances in the provinces ; those ugly outrages which forerun long winter nights, and make the last days of October dreary and sad-coloured. Disorder and lawlessness were abroad ; and that want of something remedial to be done which, like the thirst in fever, is fostered and fed by partial indulgence. Then he had some puzzling cases in hospital, and one or two in private practice, which harassed him : for some had reached that critical stage where a false move would be fatal, and it was far from clear which path should be taken. Then there was that matter of Miss O'Shea herself, who, if her nephew were to die, would most likely endow that hospital in connection with the Bleeding Heart, and of which he was himself the founder, and that this fate was by no means improbable, Sir X. persuaded himself, as he counted over all the different stages of peril that stood between him and convalescence. "We have now the concussion, with reasonable prospect of meningitis ; then there may come on erysipelas from the scalp wounds, and high fever, with all its dangers ; next there may be a low typhoid state, with high nervous excitement ; and through all these the passing risks of the wrong food or drink, the imprudent revelations, or the mistaken stimulants. Heigho !" said he at last ; "we come through storm and shipwreck, forlorn hopes, and burning villages, and we succumb to ten drops too much of a dark brown liquor, or the improvident rashness that reads out a note to us incautiously !

"Those young ladies thought to mystify me," said he aloud, after a long reverie. "I was not to know which of them was in love with the sick

boy. I could make nothing of the Greek, I own, for, except a half-stealthy regard for myself, she confessed to nothing, and the other was nearly as inscrutable. It was only the little warmth at last that betrayed her. I hurt her pride, and as she winced, I said, 'There's the sore spot—there's mischief there!' How the people grope their way through life who have never studied physic nor learned physiology is a puzzle to *me*.' With all its aid and guidance *I* find humanity quite hard enough to understand every day I live."

Even in his few hours' visit—in which he remarked everything, from the dress of the man who waited at dinner, to the sherry decanter with the smashed stopper, the weak "Gladstone" that did duty as claret, and the cotton lace which Nina sported as "point d'Alençon," and numberless other shifts, such as people make who like to play false money with Fortune—all these he saw, and he saw, that a certain jealous rivalry existed between the two girls; but whether either of them, or both, cared for young O'Shea, he could not declare; and, strange as it may seem, his inability to determine this, weighed upon him with all the sense of a defeat.

CHAPTER LVIII.

IN TURKEY.

LEAVING the sick man to the tender care of those ladies whose division of labour we have just hinted at, we turn to other interests, and to one of our characters, who, though to all seeming neglected, has not lapsed from our memory.

Joe Atlee had been despatched on a very confidential mission by Lord Danesbury. Not only was he to repossess himself of certain papers he had never heard of, from a man he had never seen, but he was also to impress this unknown individual with the immense sense of fidelity to another who no longer had any power to reward him, and besides this, to persuade him, being a Greek, that the favour of a great ambassador of England was better than rubles of gold and vases of malachite.

Modern history has shown us what a great aid to success in life is the contribution of a "light heart," and Joe Atlee certainly brought this element of victory along with him on his journey.

His instructions were assuredly of the roughest. To impress Lord Danesbury favourably on the score of his acuteness he must not press for details, seek for explanations, and, above all, he must ask no questions. In fact, to accomplish that victory which he ambitioned for his cleverness, and on which his Excellency should say, "Atlee saw it at once—Atlee caught the whole thing at a glance," Joe must be satisfied with the least definite directions that ever were issued, and the most confused statement of duties and difficulties that ever puzzled a human intelligence. Indeed, as he himself summed up his instructions in his own room, they went no further

than this:—That there was a Greek, who, with a number of other names, was occasionally called Speridionides—a great scoundrel, and with every good reason for not being come at—who was to be found somewhere in Stamboul—probably at the bazaar at nightfall. He was to be bullied, or bribed, or wheedled, or menaced, to give up some letters which Lord Danesbury had once written to him, and to pledge himself to complete secrecy as to their contents ever after. From this Greek, whose perfect confidence Atlee was to obtain, he was to learn whether Kulbash Pasha, Lord Danesbury's sworn friend and ally, was not lapsing from his English alliance, and inclining towards Russian connections. To Kulbash himself Atlee had letters, accrediting him as the trusted and confidential agent of Lord Danesbury, and with the Pasha, Joe was instructed to treat with an air and bearing of unlimited trustfulness. He was also to mention that his Excellency was eager to be back at his old post as ambassador, that he loved the country, the climate, his old colleagues in the Sultan's service, and all the interests and questions that made up their political life.

Last of all, Atlee was to ascertain every point on which any successor to Lord Danesbury was likely to be mistaken, and how a misconception might be ingeniously widened into a grave blunder: and by what means such incidents should be properly commented on by the local papers, and unfavourable comparisons drawn between the author of these measures and "the great and enlightened statesman" who had so lately left them.

In a word, Atlee saw that he was to personate the character of a most unsuspecting, confiding young gentleman, who possessed a certain natural aptitude for affairs of importance, and that amount of discretion such as suited him to be employed confidentially; and to perform this part he addressed himself.

The Pasha liked him so much that he invited him to be his guest while he remained at Constantinople, and soon satisfied that he was a guileless youth fresh to the world and its ways, he talked very freely before him, and affecting to discuss mere possibilities, actually sketched events and consequences which Atlee shrewdly guessed to be all within the range of casualties.

Lord Danesbury's post at Constantinople had not been filled up, except by the appointment of a *Chargé-d'Affaires*; it being one of the approved modes of snubbing a government to accredit a person of inferior rank to its court. Lord Danesbury detested this man with a hate that only official life comprehends, the mingled rancour, jealousy, and malice suggested by a successor, being a combination only known to men who serve their country.

"Find out what Brumsey is doing; he is said to be doing wrong. He knows nothing of Turkey. Learn his blunders, and let me know them."

This was the easiest of all Atlee's missions, for Brumsey was the weakest and most transparent of all imbecile Whigs. A junior diplomatist of small faculties and great ambitions, he wanted to do something, not being clear as to what, which should startle his chiefs, and make "the

Office" exclaim: "See what Sam Brumsey has been doing! Hasn't Brumsey hit the nail on the head! Brumsey's last despatch is the finest state paper since the days of Canning!" Now no one knew the short range of this man's intellectual tether better than Lord Danesbury—since Brumsey had been his own private secretary once, and the two men hated each other as only a haughty superior and a craven dependant know how to hate.

The old ambassador was right. Russian craft had dug many a pitfall for the English diplomatist, and Brumsey had fallen into every one of them. Acting on secret information—all ingeniously prepared to entrap him—Brumsey had discovered a secret demand made by Russia to enable one of the Imperial family to make the tour of the Black Sea with a ship-of-war. Though it might be matter of controversy whether Turkey herself could, without the assent of the other Powers to the Treaty of Paris, give her permission, Brumsey was too elated by his discovery to hesitate about this, but at once communicated to the Grand Vizier a formal declaration of the displeasure with which England would witness such an infraction of a solemn engagement.

As no such project had ever been entertained, no such demand ever made, Kulbash Pasha not only laughed heartily at the mock thunder of the Englishman, but at the energy with which a small official always opens fire, and in the jocularly of his Turkish nature—for they are jocular, these children of the Koran—he told the whole incident to Atlee.

"Your old master, Mr. Atlee," said he, "would scarcely have read us so sharp a lesson as that; but," he added, "we always hear stronger language from the man who couldn't station a gun-boat at Pera than from the ambassador who could call up the Mediterranean squadron from Malta."

If Atlee's first letter to Lord Danesbury admitted of a certain disappointment as regarded Speridionides, it made ample compensation by the keen sketch it conveyed of how matters stood at the Porte, the uncertain fate of Kulbash Pasha's policy, and the scarcely credible blunder of Brumsey.

To tell the English ambassador how much he was regretted and how much needed, how the partisans of England felt themselves deserted and abandoned by his withdrawal, and how gravely the best interests of Turkey itself were compromised for want of that statesmanlike intelligence that had up to this guided the counsels of the Divan: all these formed only a part of Atlee's task, for he wrote letters and leaders, in this sense, to all the great journals of London, Paris, and Vienna: so that when *The Times* and the *Post* asked the English people whether they were satisfied that the benefit of the Crimean war should be frittered away by an incompetent youth in the position of a man of high ability, the *Débats* commented on the want of support France suffered at the Porte by the inferior agency of England, and the *Neue Presse* of Vienna more openly declared that if England had determined to annex Turkey and govern it as a

crown colony, it would have been at least courtesy to have informed her co-signatories of the fact.

At the same time an Irish paper in the national interest quietly desired to be informed how was it that the man who made such a mull of Ireland could be so much needed in Turkey, aided by a well-known fellow-citizen, more celebrated for smashing lamps and wringing off knockers than for administering the rights of a colony; and by which of his services, ballad-writing or beating the police, he had gained the favour of the present Cabinet. "In fact," concluded the writer, "if we hear more of this appointment, we promise our readers some biographical memoirs of the respected individual, which may serve to show the rising youth of Ireland by what gifts success in life is most surely achieved, as well as what peculiar accomplishments find most merit with the grave-minded men who rule us."

A Cork paper announced on the same day, amongst the promotions, that Joseph Atlee had been made C.B., and mildly inquired if the honour were bestowed for that paper on Ireland in the last *Quarterly*, and drily wound up by saying, "We are not selfish, whatever people may say of us. Our friends on the Bosphorus shall have the noble lord cheap! Let his Excellency only assure us that he will return with his whole staff, and not leave us Mr. Cecil Walpole, or any other like incapacity, behind him, as a director of the Poor Law Board, or inspector-general of gaols, or deputy-assistant-secretary anywhere, and we assent freely to the change that sends this man to the East and leaves us here to flounder on with such aids to our mistakes as a Liberal Government can safely afford to spare us."

A paragraph in another part of the same paper, which asked if the Joseph Atlee who, it was rumoured, was to go out as Governor to Labuan, could be this man, had, it is needless to say, been written by himself.

The *Levant Herald* contented itself with an authorised contradiction to the report that Sir Joseph Atlee—the Sir was an ingenious blunder—had conformed to Islamism, and was in treaty for the palace of Tashkir Bey at Therapia.

With a neatness and tact all his own, Atlee narrated Brumsey's blunder in a tone so simple and almost deferential, that Lord Danesbury could show the letter to any of his colleagues. The whole spirit of the document was regret that a very well-intentioned gentleman of good connections and irreproachable morals should be an ass! Not that he employed the insufferable designation.

The Cabinet at home were on thorns lest the press—the vile Tory organs—should get wind of the case and cap the blundering government of Ireland with the almost equally gross mistake in diplomacy.

"We shall have the *Standard* at us," said the Premier.

"Far worse," replied the Foreign Secretary. "I shall have Brunow here in a white passion to demand an apology, and the recall of our man at Constantinople."

To accuse a well-known housebreaker of a burglary that he had not committed, nor had any immediate thought of committing, is the very luckiest stroke of fortune that could befall him. He comes out not alone innocent, but injured ! The persecutions by which bad men have assailed him for years have at last their illustration, and the calumniated saint walks forth into the world, his head high and his port erect, even though a crowbar should peep out from his coat-pocket and the jingle of false keys go with him as he went.

Far too astute to make the scandal public by the newspapers, Atlee only hinted to his chief the danger that might ensue if the secret leaked out. He well knew that a press scandal is a nine-day-fever, but a menaced publicity is a chronic malady that may go on for years.

The last lines of his letter were :—"I have made a curious and interesting acquaintance,—a certain Stephanotis Bey, governor of Scutari in Albania, a very venerable old fellow, who was never at Constantinople till now. The Pasha tells me in confidence that he is enormously wealthy. His fortune was made by brigandage in Greece, from which he retired a few years ago, shocked by the sudden death of his brother, who was decapitated at Corinth with five others. The Bey is a nice, gentlemanly, simple-hearted old man, kind to the poor, and eminently hospitable. He has invited me down to Prevesa for the pig-shooting. If I have your permission to accept the invitation, I shall make a rapid visit to Athens, and make one more effort to discover Speridionides. Might I ask the favour of an answer by telegraph ? So many documents and archives were stolen here at the time of the fire of the Embassy, that, by a timely measure of discredit, we can impair the value of all papers whatever, and I have already a mass of false despatches, notes, and telegrams ready for publication, and subsequent denial, if you advise it. In one of these I have imitated Walpole's style so well that I scarcely think he will read it without misgivings. With so much 'bad bank paper' in circulation, Speridionides is not likely to set a high price on his own 'scrip.'"

CHAPTER LIX.

A LETTER-BAG.

LORD DANESBURY read Atlee's letter with an enjoyment not unlike the feeling an old sportsman experiences in discovering that his cover hack—an animal not worth twenty pound—was a capital fencer ; that a beast only destined to the commonest of uses should actually have qualities that recalled the steeple-chaser—that the scrubby little creature with the thin neck and the shabby quarters should have a turn of speed and a "big jump" in him, was something scarcely credible, and highly interesting.

Now political life has its handicaps like the turf, and that old jockey of many cabinets began seriously to think whether he might not lay a little

money on that dark horse Joe Atlee, and make something out of him before he was better known in "the ring."

He was smarting, besides, under the annoyances of that half-clever fellow Walpole, when Atlee's letter reached him, and, though the unlucky Cecil had taken ill and kept his room ever since his arrival, his Excellency had never forgiven him, nor by a word or sign showed any disposition to restore him to favour.

That he was himself overwhelmed by a correspondence, and left to deal with it almost alone, scarcely contributed to reconcile him to a youth more smarting, as he deemed it, under a recent defeat than really ill; and he pointed to the mass of papers which now littered his breakfast-table, and querulously asked his niece if that brilliant young gentleman upstairs could be induced to postpone his sorrows and copy a despatch.

"If it be not something very difficult or requiring very uncommon care, perhaps I could do it myself."

"So you could, Maude, but I want you too—I shall want, to copy out parts of Atlee's last letter, which I wish to place before the Foreign Office Secretary. He ought to see what his protégé Brumsey is making of it. These are the idiots who get us into foreign wars, or those apologetic movements in diplomacy, which are as bad as lost battles. What a contrast to Atlee—a rare clever dog, Atlee—and so awake, not only to one, but to every contingency of a case. I like that fellow—I like a fellow that stops all the earths! Your half-clever ones never do that; they only do enough to prolong the race; they don't win it. That bright relative of ours—Cecil—is one of those. Give Atlee Walpole's chances, and where would he be?"

A very faint colour tinged her cheek as she listened, but did not speak.

"That's the real way to put it," continued he, more warmly. "Say to Atlee, 'You shall enter public life without any pressing need to take office for a livelihood; you shall have friends able to push you with one party, and relations and connections with the opposition, to save you from unnecessary cavil or question; you shall be well introduced socially, and have a seat in the House before——' What's his age? five-and-twenty?"

"I should say about three-and-twenty, my lord; but it is a mere guess."

"Three-and-twenty is he? I suspect you are right—he can't be more. But what a deal the fellow has crammed for that time—plenty of rubbish, no doubt: old dramatists and such like; but he is well up in his treatises; and there's not a speaker of eminence in the House that he cannot make contradict himself out of Hansard."

"Has he any fortune?" sighed she, so lazily, that it scarcely sounded as a question.

"I suppose not."

"Nor any family?"

"Brothers and sisters he may have—indeed, he is sure to have; but if you mean connections—belongings to persons of admitted station—of course he has not. The name alone might show it."

Another little sigh, fainter than before, followed, and all was still.

"Five years hence, if even so much, the plebeian name and the unknown stock will be in his favour; but we have to wade through a few dreary measures before that. I wish he was in the House—he ought to be in the House."

"Is there a vacancy?" said she, lazily.

"Two. There is Cradford, and there is that Scotch place—the something-Burg, which, of course, one of their own people will insist on."

"Couldn't he have Cradford?" asked she, with a very slight animation.

"He might—at least if Brand knew him, he'd see he was the man they wanted. I almost think I'll write a line to Brand, and send him some extracts of the last letter. I will—here goes."

"If you'll tell me——"

"DEAR B.—

"READ the enclosed, and say have you anybody better than the writer for your ancient borough of Cradford? The fellow can talk, and I am sure he can speak as well as he writes. He is well up in all Irish press iniquities. Better than all, he has neither prejudices nor principles, nor, as I believe, a five-pound note in the world. He is now in Greece, but I'll have him over by telegraph if you give me encouragement.

"Tell Tycross at F. O. to send Walpole to Guatemala, and order him to his post at once. G. will have told you that I shall not go back to Ireland. The blunder of my ever seeing it was the blackest in the life of yours,

"DANESBURY."

The first letter his lordship opened gave him very little time or inclination to bestow more thought on Atlee. It was from the head of the Cabinet, and in the coldest tone imaginable. The writer directed his attention to what had occurred in the House the night before, and how impossible it was for any Government to depend on colleagues whose administration had been so palpably blundering and unwise. "Conciliation can only succeed by the good faith it inspires. Once that it leaks out you are more eager to achieve a gain than confer a benefit, you cease to conciliate, and you only cajole. Now your lordship might have apprehended that, in this especial game, the Popish priest is your master and mine—not to add that he gives an undivided attention to a subject which we have to treat as one amongst many, and with the relations and bearings which attach it to other questions of state.

"That you cannot, with advantage to the Crown, or, indeed, to your own dignity, continue to hold your present office, is clear enough; and the

only question now is in what way, consistent with the safety of the Administration, and respect for your lordship's high character, the relinquishment had best be made. The debate has been, on Gregory's motion, adjourned. It will be continued on Tuesday, and my colleagues opine that if your resignation was in their hands before that day, certain leaders of the Opposition would consent to withdraw their motion. I am not wholly agreed with the other members of the Cabinet on this point; but, without embarrassing you by the reasons which sway my judgment, I will simply place the matter before you for your own consideration, perfectly assured, as I am, that your decision will be come to only on consideration of what you deem best for the interests of the country.

"My colleague at the Foreign Office will write to-day or to-morrow with reference to your former post, and I only allude to it now to say the unmingled satisfaction it would give the Cabinet to find that the greatest interests of Eastern Europe were once more in the keeping of the ablest diplomatist of the age, and one of the most far-sighted of modern statesmen.

"A motion for the abolition of the Irish viceroyalty is now on the notice paper, and it will be matter for consideration whether we may not make it an open question in the Cabinet. Perhaps your lordship would favour me with such opinions on the subject as your experiences suggest.

"The extra session has wearied out every one, and we can with difficulty make a house.—Yours sincerely,

"G. ANNIVEY."

The next he opened was briefer. It ran thus:—

"DEAR DANESBURY,—

"You must go back at once to Turkey. That inscrutable idiot Brumsey has discovered another mare's-nest, and we are lucky if Gortchakoff does not call upon us for public apology. Brunow is outrageous and demands B.'s recall. I sent off the despatch while he was with me. Lefo Pasha is very ill, they say dying, so that you must haste back to your old friend (query: which is he?) Kulbash, if it be not too late, as Apponyi thinks.—Yours, G."

"P.S.—Take none of your Irish suite with you to the East. The papers are sure to note the names and attack you if you should. They shall be cared for somehow, if there be any who interest you.

"You have seen that the House was not over civil to you on Saturday night, though A. thinks you got off well."

"Resign!" cried he aloud, as he dashed the letter on the table. "I think I would resign! If they asked what would tempt me to go back there I should be sorely puzzled to name it. No; not the blue ribbon itself would induce me to face that chaos once more. As to the hint about my Irish staff, it was quite unnecessary. Not very likely, Maude,

we should take Walpole to finish in the Bosphorus what he has begun on the Liffey."

He turned hastily to *The Times*, and threw his eyes over the summary of the debate. It was acrimonious and sneery. The Opposition leaders, with accustomed smoothness, had made it appear that the Viceroy's Eastern experience had misled him, and that he thought "Tipperary was a Pashalick!" Imbued with notions of wholesale measures of government, so applicable to Turkey, it was easy to see how the errors had affected his Irish policy. "There was," said the speaker, "somebody to be conciliated in Ireland, and someone to be hanged; and what more natural than that he should forget which, or that he should make the mistake of keeping all the flattery for the rebel and the rope for the priest." The neatness of the illustration took with the House, and the speaker was interrupted by "much laughter." And then he went on to say that, "as with those well-known ointments or medicines whose specific virtues lay in the enormous costliness of some of the constituents, so it must give unspeakable value to the efficacy of those healing measures for Ireland, to know that the whole British Constitution was boiled down to make one of them; and every right and liberty brayed in the mortar to furnish even one dose of this precious elixir." And then there was "laughter" again.

"He ought to be more merciful to charlatans. Dogs do not eat dogs," muttered his lordship to himself, and then asked his niece to send Walpole to him.

It was some time before Walpole appeared, and when he did it was with such a wasted look and careworn aspect as might have pleaded in his favour.

"Maude told me you wished to see me, my lord," said he, half-diffidently.

"Did I? eh? Did I say so? I forget all about it. What could it be? Let us see: was it this stupid row they were making in the House? Have you read the debate?"

"No, my lord; not looked at a paper."

"Of course not; you have been too ill, too weak. Have you seen a doctor?"

"I don't care to see a doctor; they all say the same thing. I only need rest and quiet."

"Only that! Why, they are the two things nobody can get. Power cannot have them, nor money buy them. The retired tradesman—I beg his pardon, the cheesemonger—he is always a cheesemonger now who represents vulgarity and bank stock—he may have his rest and quiet; but a Minister must not dream of such a luxury, nor any one who serves a Minister. Where's the quiet to come from, I ask you, after such a tirade of abuse as that?" And he pointed to *The Times*. "There's *Punch*, too, with a picture of me measuring out 'Danesbury's drops, to cure loyalty.' That slim youth handing the spoon is meant for you, Walpole."

"Perhaps so, my lord," said he, coldly.

"They haven't given you too much leg, Cecil," said the other, laughing; but Cecil scarcely relished the joke.

"I say, Piccadilly is scarcely the place for a man after that;—I mean, of course, for a while," continued he. "These things are not eternal; they have their day. They had me last week travelling in Ireland on a camel; and I was made to say, 'That the air of the desert always did me good!' Poor fun, was it not?"

"Very poor fun indeed!"

"And you were the boy preparing my chibouque, and I must say, devilish like."

"I did not see it, my lord."

"That's the best way: don't look at the caricatures; don't read the *Saturday Review*; never know there is anything wrong with you; nor, if you can, that anything disagrees with you."

"I should like the last delusion best of all," said he.

"Who would not?" cried the old lord. "The way I used to eat potted prawns at Eton, and peach jam after them, and iced guavas, and never felt better! And now everything gives acidity."

"Just because our fathers and grandfathers would have those potted prawns you spoke of."

"No, no; you are all wrong. It's the new race,—it's the new generation. They don't bear reverses. Whenever the world goes wrong with them, they talk as they feel, they lose appetite, and they fall down to a state like your—a—Walpole—like your own!"

"Well, my lord, I don't think I could be called captious for saying that the world has not gone over well with me."

"Ah—hum. You mean—no matter. I suppose the luckiest hand is not all trumps! The thing is, to score the trick: that's the point, Walpole, to score the trick!"

"Up to this, I have not been so fortunate."

"Well, who knows what's coming. I have just asked the Foreign Office people to give you Guatemala; not a bad thing, as times go."

"Why, my lord, it's banishment and barbarism together. The pay is miserable! It is far away, and it is not Pall Mall, or the Rue Rivoli."

"No; not that. There is twelve hundred for salary, and something for a house, and something more for a secretary that you don't keep, and an office that you need not have. In fact, it makes more than two thousand; and for a single man in a place where he cannot be extravagant, it will suffice."

"Yes, my lord; but I was presumptuous enough to imagine a condition in which I should not be a single man, and I speculated on the possibility that another might venture to share even poverty as my companion."

"A woman wouldn't go there,—at least, she ought not. It's all bush

life, or something like it. Why should a woman bear that? or a man ask her to do so?"

"You seem to forget, my lord, that affections may be engaged, and pledges interchanged."

"Get a bill of indemnity, therefore, to release you: better that, than wait for yellow fever to do it."

"I confess that your lordship's words give me great discouragement, and if I could possibly believe that Lady Maude was of your mind——"

"Maude! Maude! why, you never imagined that Lady Maude would leave comfort and civilization for this bush life, with its rancheros and rattlesnakes. I confess," said he, with a bitter laugh, "I did not think either of you were bent on being Paul or Virginia."

"Have I your lordship's permission to ask her own judgment in the matter; I mean, with the assurance of its not being biassed by you?"

"Freely, most freely do I give it. She is not the girl I believe her if she leaves you long in doubt. But I prejudge nothing, and I influence nothing."

"Am I to conclude, my lord, that I am sure of this appointment?"

"I almost believe I can say you are. I have asked for a reply by telegraph, and I shall probably have one to-morrow."

"You seem to have acted under the conviction that I should be glad to get this place."

"Yes, such was my conclusion. After that 'fiasco' in Ireland you must go somewhere, for a time at least, out of the way. Now as a man cannot die for half-a-dozen years and come back to life when people have forgotten his unpopularity, the next best thing is South America. Bogotà and the Argentine Republic have whitewashed many a reputation."

"I will remember your lordship's wise words."

"Do so," said my lord, curtly, for he felt offended at the flippant tone in which the other spoke. "I don't mean to say that I'd send the writer of that letter yonder to Yucatan or Costa Rica."

"Who may the gifted writer be, my lord?"

"Atlee, Joe Atlee; the fellow you sent over here."

"Indeed!" was all that Walpole could utter.

"Just take it to your room and read it over. You will be astonished at the thing. The fellow has got to know the bearings of a whole set of new questions, and how he understands the men he has got to deal with!"

"With your leave I will do so," said he, as he took the letter and left the room.

Une Pétoleuse :

A SOUVENIR OF VERSAILLES.

I.

SOME hundred years ago a very great French lady, who had led a gallant life in her youth, bethought her of founding a prize for virtue in her old age. The locality she selected as the scene of her munificence was her own manorial village of Champterre, and in order that she might not be frustrated of the, to her, somewhat novel spectacle of virtue getting the best of it in this world's race, she determined to institute the prize during her lifetime, instead of bequeathing it to be wrangled for between her heirs and the legatees after her death, as is the more usual way. So a man of law was sent for, and drew up a deed of gift with conditions clearly set forth. Every year the "notables" of the village were to assemble on the 15th June, the feast of St. Modest, and decide between them who was the most virtuous girl in the village. If there were a debate on this delicate question and opinions stood pretty equally divided, the right of giving the casting vote was to devolve on the oldest of the "notables," who, by reason of his years, might be presumed a shrewder connoisseur of the point at issue than his compeers. You will have noticed, by the way, that I say "notable" and not municipal councillor, the fact being that municipal councillors were then not yet invented. Those were the dark ages of politics, when a farmer was stupid enough to stick to farming, and a labourer to labouring, without claiming the privilege to meddle with matters he didn't understand. I have even heard that neither farming nor labouring were much the worse on that account, but this I decline to believe. Once the candidate chosen, with or without debate, she was to be proclaimed maiden-queen of Champterre, and on the next Sunday but one following her election to be conducted to the parish church and there solemnly crowned with a chaplet of white roses, to please herself, and presented with a dowry of five hundred silver francs to please her future husband. The proceedings were to conclude with a dinner for the notables, and climbing a greasy pole, with other appropriate amusements, for the rest of the public.

Well, the annual ceremony proved a success. So long as the great French lady lasted, she presided over it in person, encouraging the prize-winners by many edifying examples, drawn from lives other than her own, to persevere on the path they had adopted, and assuring them that virtue led to every good thing in this life as well as out of it—which was amiable on her part, though superfluous, for the moment virtue led to five hundred

silver francs its value was sufficiently understood and appreciated by even the meanest intellects at Champterre. By the end of a few years' time, not a damsel in the village but steadfastly resolved to be virtuous until the age of twenty—twenty being the limit when one ceased to be eligible for the francs; and in the whole country-side around, Champterre acquired the enviable reputation of rearing incomparable vegetable-marrows—which it had done before the Prize—and no less incomparable maidens, which it had only begun to do afterwards. And so time wore on. Gradually, however, as the world emerged from the dark ages already mentioned and glided triumphantly into the present century of enlightenment, certain changes took place. To begin with, the notables disappeared; they had never done anybody harm and so were not regretted. Then came nine municipal councillors, who pulled bunches out of one another's hair in discussing the local rates, howled at one another across a deal table in planning a local road, and were generally voted an improvement. Hitherto the yearly fête at Champterre had been a purely family concern, attended at most by the populations of surrounding villages: the municipal council hit upon the excellent idea of making it as public as possible. The desire to stimulate virtue had, of course, less to do with this than the wish to fill the municipal coffers, but in either case the results were likely to be the same. If crowds could be brought down from Paris, it was probable that money would be brought with them, and if money were brought, then might not only the municipal coffers be replenished, but the maiden-prize be increased, and virtue thus earn an accrued meed of recompence? So a cattle-show was added to the other attractions of the festival, then a fair, then fireworks, until little by little, and attraction by attraction, the crowning of the "Rosière," as it was called, became—railways aiding—one of the most popular sights within a hundred miles of Paris, and a thing which all strangers were expected to go and see, just like the Palace of the Tuileries, where sovereigns lived, and the Place de la Roquette, where criminals died. In proportion, however, as the importance of the spectacle itself was enhanced, so of a necessity was that of the Rosière. At first she had been a poor girl, receiving just her crown of roses with her five hundred francs and no more; but when strangers took to coming and dropping offertories into the velvet bags that were handed round to them during service, then the dower rose to be much nearer five thousand francs than five hundred, and became *de facto* worth possessing by others than poor girls, daughters of cottage labourers and such like. It is said—that strange debates began then to be heard in the municipal council. One half of the council being at perpetual feud with the other half, as it is natural, just, and proper that the two halves of every council should be, the virtue-elections were turned into occasions for yearly contests in which sarcasm, invective, and scathing recriminations were exchanged with a freedom well worthy of a wider field. The opposition half of the council—small but deep-mouthed after the manner of oppositions—would periodically and bitterly accuse

the majority of seeking to foist upon the public Rosières of dubious quality, whose sole claim to election lay in their bright eyes, their ready smiles, or in the fact that they were the daughters, nieces, cousins, or what not of members of the majority. To which the members of the majority would indignantly retort that if the opposition had their way, there would be none but Rosières who squinted, were humpbacked, or went on crutches—and indeed it is a fact that, just as in larger national assemblies, oppositions seem to take a peculiar delight in proposing bills which they know to be unpassable, so at Champterre the opposition systematically and virulently patronized a set of candidates of whom the most that can be said is that their virtue must have cost them little, seeing that no human being would have been so devoid of taste as to assail it. I need scarcely add that in the upshot the majority always ended by carrying their point, and that the opposition, having no other means of protest, were reduced to the time-honoured expedient of circulating feeble jokes and covert innuendos damaging to the reputation of the Rosière. Whence it arose, that public opinion being generally on the side of the opposition—as the audiences at plays are in favour of the amusing actors—a whole host of jovial anecdotes obtained currency—notably one to the effect that, on a certain memorable occasion, a young lady had, by dint of favouritism, been elected Rosière who—who—— But, pardon me, I am afraid I was going to tattle.

Let me only repeat, then, that, after being in existence a good century, the Fête de la Rosière had come to be established as a national institution, and that one day in the year 186—, never having seen the sight, I readily consented to a proposal—made overnight at the club by young Gaston de Floriant, my old school-friend—that a few of us should make up a party and go. Ah, how well I remember that Sunday!

It was one of those Parisian days that one drinks in, as it were, like crisp champagne. Everybody seemed afoot. Fresh bonnets and summer dresses flashed by in yellow-wheeled flies, other bonnets and other dresses flitted over the pavements shading themselves with pink parasols from the golden arrows which the sun was shooting, and escorted by white waistcoats, Panama hats, and those weightless alpaca coats which the Frenchman loves when the weather is hot. In the cafés the glasses jingled and the early coffee-cups mingled their aroma to those of the Boulevard cigars. “*Six, deux!*” and “*Double-six!*” cried out fanatical players of dominoes. “*Le Roi!*” echoed no less fanatical players of écarté. “*Qui a demandé L’Indicateur des Chemins de Fer?*” sang out the headlong waiter. “*Moà!*” responded the British tourist. “*Circulez, Messieurs!*” pleaded the white-gloved policeman. “*COURONNEMENT! ROSIÈRE! CHAMPTERRE! TRAINS EXPRESS!*” said the pink posters that papered the kiosks and walls. “*COURONNEMENT DE LA ROSIÈRE! BILLETS D’ALLER ET RETOUR!*” clamoured the saffron posters of a rival company. And so on we hurried, through street and over crossing, elbowing and being elbowed, apologizing and being apologized to, until we trooped into

the station, where a gay, tumultuous, beflowered multitude was choking up the waiting-rooms to the number of a thousand, two thousand, three thousand—who knows?—for one might as well have tried to count the dahlias at a prize-show, or the mocking-birds in a tropical forest. And what spirits and what laughter! A French holiday throng has always vivacity enough and to spare; but everybody brings his or her best of best moods to see the Rosière crowned, this being, of all others, the fête most after the French heart. We had a stand of ten minutes, during which well-known jokes, that pass current once a year, resounded with the clink of coin in a gold-room. Ten minutes; and then of a sudden back slid the doors of the waiting-rooms: nimbly to one side jumped the attendant guards; and, like a thirsty herd unpenned, away we scurried all together down the platform, racing for places. The train was stormed; parasols were dropped, many a noble umbrella disappeared for ever in the scrimmage; and ever and anon rose the cries: "Pardon, Madame," "Oh, Monsieur, ma jupe!" "Monsieur, we are already eleven in this compartment; indeed there isn't room." "Oh, mon Dieu, Messieurs, I have lost my husband—I can't see him!" "Soyez tranquille, Madame, un mari va se retrouver; ce n'est pas comme une valeur quelconque." "Messieurs, have you seen my wife—a blue dress with a primrose bonnet?" "Certainly, Monsieur; just passed on the arm of a captain of dragoons." And so on, like the bubbling of rivers, until, the carriages being packed, the guards entered into wild conflicts with individuals who wanted to ride by standing on the steps, and clinging to the door-handles sooner than not ride at all. When these were at length, to their unbounded indignation, precluded from imperilling their necks, there was a moment's peace, and Gaston de Floriant, who was always dressed within an inch of his life, exclaimed, fanning himself with his handkerchief: "Well, this is the kind of thing I like; it's a Turkish bath before starting."

Our party was of twelve; but, for convenience sake, we had paired away in couples, and I was mated with Floriant. In the same carriage with us were two others of our set: Paul Cirobois (yclept the Court Jester, because at the Tuileries soirées he was one of the few beings who possessed the faculty of making a certain august Personage smile), and Braungesicht of the Prussian Embassy. Braungesicht followed Cirobois everywhere like a tame bear, and was the unconscious butt of that gentleman's wit—Cirobois being one of those social scourges with a face like a Nuremberg nut-cracker, who never smiled, was of lugubrious demeanour, and experimented all his hoaxes upon poor Braungesicht, as *in animâ vili*, before trying them on the community. Had Cirobois been born with a wooden instead of a golden spoon in his mouth, he might have made the fortune of a comic paper or of a Boulevard play-house; but being rich with the accumulated millions of a defunct uncle in the wine-growing-and-adulterating-way (whom he regretted being unable to mourn, as he conscientiously expressed it), he was in a position to devote the whole of his talents to the mystification of the upper circles of society. Gaston de

Floriant, I should mention, was a Marquis of the Rue de Lille—a patented Marquis, with trade-mark registered, as Cirobois put it. Twenty-seven years old, rich, singularly handsome and *blasé*, he had quarrelled with the Faubourg St. Germain, because the dowagers of that noble quarter objected to his frequenting Bonapartist drawing-rooms; and he was not on particularly good terms with the Bonapartist drawing-rooms, because he was never to be caught in the nets of matrimony which the matrons of the Chaussée d'Antin so industriously set for him, his coronet, and his castle in Poitou. Add to this, that he fought on an average three duels a year, and that his adversaries were somehow always married men, and you will have a picture of M. de Floriant complete. The other seats in the carriage were occupied by two men, one in a grey coat, the other in a white; and by the presumable wives of these passengers, the first young and attired in lilac, the second less young and slightly rouged.

"What are we waiting for?" proceeded Floriant, restoring his handkerchief to his pocket, and fastening the button of one of his fresh-butter-coloured gloves.

"Yes. Vy are ve waiting?" inquired Braungesicht, whose French, by the way, was better than his accent.

"It's the rule to wait," explained Cirobois, thrusting his head out of the window. "Railways are schools for patience, like marriage and the toothache. But, hullo! *tstt / tstt /*" and he began waving one of his hands. "It's Mirabelle, with a whole cargo of white roses in tow."

And so it was: Mdle. Mirabelle, the famous flower-girl of a very famous sporting-club, was scudding full sail down the platform, contemptuously regardless of all functionaries who protested there was no more room. Stout, Spanish-eyed, and attired in a fancy costume of blue and white, she carried slung in front of her a tray-basket full to overflowing with white roses. Behind her a servant in livery groaned under the weight of two other such baskets, likewise full, but closed to the public eye. Mdle. Mirabelle found flower-selling profitable enough to keep liveried footmen and a brougham, not to speak of diamond bracelets and other trifles. Panting, she ran down the whole length of the train, looking for a vacant place, and distributing unembarrassed smiles as she ran. At our carriage she stopped.

"M. de Floriant, M. Cirobois, a seat," she laughed.

"What on earth can you be going to do at Champterre?" asked Cirobois, amused. "You'll feel as much in your element there as——"

"Never mind comparisons," interrupted Mdle. Mirabelle. "Have you a seat? No. Then take some of my flowers." And becoming a little demure as she caught sight of the ladies in the carriage, she threw each of us four a wired rose, then lifted her basket bodily in the carriage, and said, "Fleurissez-vous, Mesdames, fleurissez-vous."

"For whom this bouquet?" asked Floriant, lifting a white nosegay a foot and half in diameter.

"For you, Monsieur le Marquis; you ought to buy it, and throw it

to the Rosière. It's the custom," said she, dropping into her satchel the four napoleons we had paid her—for, in dealing with acquaintances, this young lady never gave change, which prevented mistakes. "See here what a noble one it is ; but not too good. The Rosière's name is Félicie Lallouette ; and just wait till you've seen her before you talk of beauty. Her father's a nurseryman who supplies me with flowers ; and that's why I am going down to-day."

"To set his daughter a good example," suggested Cirobois.

"No, to wish her joy," said Mdlle. Mirabelle, innocently. "You'll take the bouquet, Marquis ?"

"You zay she is bretty ?" asked Braungesicht, gravely.

"Divine, M. le Baron ; and here is another bouquet, which you can throw—same price as the other, only five napoleons." And she held up a fellow-one to the first bouquet, bound with white satin ribbons and silver cord.

There were three like this. Floriant, who had not been able to help noticing (he never could help noticing these things) that the youngest of the two ladies with us looked extremely pretty in her lilac dress, took two of the bouquets, and with the perfect grace which a long career of gallantry had lent him requested permission of the man in the white coat and the man in the grey to offer them to their respective wives. Which permission the two coats, being already considerably abashed by the discovery that they were travelling in the company of a live marquis and baron, accorded amidst paroxysms of hat-lifting and reddening acknowledgments that did not fairly subside for the next five minutes. The lilac dress blushed. Her companion would have followed suit but for the rouge. As it was, she did her best, naturally persuaded that the compliment was wholly for her.

"And my third bouquet ?" ejaculated Mdlle. Mirabelle, coaxingly.

"It's too cheap for me," responded Cirobois. "Roses in July are scarce. I won't have you robbing yourself."

Here the engine whistle sounded.

"Well, Marquis, I'll keep the bouquet for you," said Mdlle. Mirabelle, stepping back. "I shall be down by the next train, and I am sure you'll ask me for it before the day is over." And as the wheels were turning, she put a jewelled hand to her lips, blew one of the ten thousand kisses she kept in store for occasions like the present, and in another moment became a white speck in the distance.

"Dat is von fine girl !" ejaculated Braungesicht.

"And modest and retiring—sole support of four aged grandmothers and as many grandfathers !" exclaimed Cirobois with feeling as we whirled out of the station.

"You don't say so !" remarked the grey coat, respectfully ; "four grandmothers !"

"Yes ; her father and mother both married twice, which accounts for it," proceeded Cirobois, quietly. "But have you never seen her ?"

"I live in the Rue St. Denis—dealer in colonial produce, at your service," stammered the grey coat, delighted to see that Floriant was talking to his wife. "It's only on Sundays we manage to get out, only on Sundays—ahem!"

This last exclamation was caused by the lilac dress stamping furtively on his foot.

"Only on Sundays—that's like me when I sold baked potatoes on the top of the Colonne Vendôme," murmured Cirobois, who had noticed the foot-stamping. "Hot work for the fingers, Monsieur; but cool work for the head. I made my fortune by it."

"God bless my soul!" cried the man in the grey coat, whilst the lilac dress started and glanced with surprise at her husband's interlocutor.

"You were saying, then, that this year's Rosière is your daughter?" proceeded Cirobois, with imperturbable composure.

"Pardon me, I—I—never," stuttered the grey coat, rather bewildered—"I think you mistake. We are only going down to see the sight. But I have a brother who is a municipal councillor at Champterre, and who helped to elect——"

"Ah, helped to elect! Yes, I was a municipal councillor myself once, and know what it is. You may tell your brother how much I sympathize with him, Monsieur," groaned Cirobois. "Twelve men exciting themselves in a close room, with no refreshment on the table but a tumbler of pump-water—that's a municipal council. And you say, then, that the Rosière—I beg your pardon, what were the interesting observations you let fall about the Rosière?"

"My husband must have said that Mdlle. Lallouette is the prettiest girl at Champterre," interposed the lilac dress, coming to her disconcerted spouse's rescue; "and if M. le Marquis be an admirer of beauty," added she, turning a little archly to Floriant, "he will find himself repaid for his journey."

"Oh, Madame," murmured Floriant, "you forget that after being dazzled by the flame of a wax-taper, no great impression can be produced upon one by a rushlight." Which was a skilful compliment, for had Floriant been a novice, he would have whispered that after beholding the sun, a man might with impunity face the moon, and not been understood; but the lilac dress, being wont to sell colonial produce (which is merely the French for grocery and candles), quickly seized the allusion to the difference between a five-and-twenty sou "four" and a farthing dip; and coloured with pleasure up to the roots of her pretty chestnut hair.

I think it was perhaps a lucky thing for the man in the grey coat that at this juncture the train stopped, and a porter with a rose in his button-hole (everybody seemed be-rosed that day) shouted out, "Champterre!"

II.

Certes it had been a proud day for Yves Lallouette, nurseryman and gardener, when M. Parbouillaud, Mayor of Champterre, followed by half

his municipal council, had come to him and said, "Yves, your daughter is elected Rosière."

Had Yves been a sharp man he would have put two and two together, and remembered, firstly, that on the council was a certain Colin Grainereau, a farmer, with a pointed nose, his neighbour; secondly, that this farmer loved his, Yves's, daughter; and thirdly, that he had asked her in marriage and been accepted just one fortnight, day for day, before the election. But Yves was not a sharp man, and so drew no conclusions whatever from this assemblage of circumstances. When Mayor Parboulilaud made his statement, Yves accepted it as a bit of good fortune sent direct to him by Providence, and he figured the sign of the Cross three times, kissing his thumb at the end of that ceremony, which, as everybody knows, is a sure recipe for good luck. Then having made the half council half-drunk with white wine, which he fished up with a rope from the well where he was accustomed to let it cool, he shook off his wooden shoes and crept up on tip-toe to apprise his daughter Félicie, who was ironing the kerchief she intended wearing at mass next Sunday, and not dreaming of anything in particular.

Félicie had no mother, nor brothers nor sisters. She lived alone with her father and an old aunt, who cooked for them; and, as a natural consequence, she did and said what she pleased, and Yves Lallouette was sure to find it good. It was undoubtedly a pity that this should have been so, for no flower in Yves's hot-house, no blossom in his choicest beds, could have borne comparison with Félicie—"My pet flower of all," as he would so often say. But like those plants that have been neither propped nor trimmed, and push their shoots in every direction, Félicie's nature had run wild. She was a young creature all impulse, with good qualities and dangerous instincts so evenly balanced in her, that it depended upon mere hair's-breadth chance which should turn the scale. Generous and passionate, kind-hearted and vain, full of animal spirits and wilful caprices, her character was that of April weather. If occasion served, she was capable of the sublimest things; if opportunities played her false, either by thwarting her wishes or wounding her vanity, there was no foreseeing what she might or might not do. On learning from her father the honour that had been conferred upon her, she blushed a little, then smiled. She was pleased, of course; neither did the thought that all her dear girlfriends would turn yellow with jealousy much lessen her pleasure. But she saw the finger of Colin Grainereau in this piece of work, and, unlike her father, laid no more to the account of Providence than strictly belonged to it.

It cannot be said that she much loved Grainereau, or, indeed, loved him at all, though she had agreed to be his wife. Grainereau was twice her age, and neither well-looking, well-tempered, nor generous. Nature fabricates a hundred thousand such peasants as he every day, and scatters them about the world to serve as examples of what are popularly known as rural virtues. The virtues of C. Grainereau consisted in his never

giving a sou to anybody. If he saw his way to making fivepence he would go five miles to do it. On Sundays he went to mass, if he had the time; and on Mondays he always found the time to take in somebody at the cattle-market. Personally, C. Grainereau stood five feet four—out of his stockings, for he never wore any. His face was of the colour and aspect of a medlar, and his nose narrowed to a point from the centre of it, like that of an American beast called the tapir. To hear C. Grainereau talk was like listening to two pieces of dried wood creaking together on a rusty hinge; and, to square the list of his salient traits, the man chewed tobacco and expectorated the brown juice thereof at duly marked intervals in the course of conversation. But the particular virtue that had decided Félicie to give him her hand was his wealth, for he was rich, and it was no mean offer for a dowerless girl like her to become mistress of Grainereau Farm. This she knew, and the ill-concealed envy of her affectionate friends would have taught it her if she hadn't. Ah! if Yves Lallouette had been able to give his daughter a marriage portion!—then it would have been a different story, and Colin Grainereau, to use the graceful country term, might have gone back to his home and whistled. But poor Yves, though he earned sufficient in selling flowers, spent more than sufficient in swilling white wine; and so the alternative lay between marrying C. Grainereau and his “quinze mille livres de rentes,” or going farther to fare probably worse. No French girl could hesitate, nor did Mdle. Félicie. Still, self-esteem was so strong in her woman's heart, that she would have been glad to persuade herself that she was a little fond of C. Grainereau, and now and then she would con over in her mind whether he had not some rag of a quality which, by trying very hard, she might manage to love. His getting her elected Rosière afforded her the pretext she wanted. Decidedly C. Grainereau must have noble instincts. It did not suit Mdle. Félicie any more than it suits other young ladies to suspect that there were any mercenary calculations in her lover's attentions. She much preferred to think that her own bright eyes had done it all; and in this instance there was every appearance of reason on her side, for what could her Rosière's dower signify to a man with “quinze mille livres,” as above said? So C. Grainereau had evidently used his influence on her behalf solely out of love and chivalrous devotion. She felt grateful to him for it, and found him rather less ugly than usual when on the morrow of the election he called alone to offer his congratulations, attired in a waistcoat with blue glass buttons and a coat too tight under the arm-pits.

As for C. Grainereau himself, finding his love-affairs and his monetary prosper so well, he was as near good humour as his peculiar idiosyncrasy allowed. To the surprise of the neighbourhood he treated somebody to a bottle of wine, of which he drank half: and in an unguarded moment was nearly giving a beggar a penny. After all let us do the man justice; he would have married Félicie if she had not possessed a centime. His getting her elected Rosière was an after-thought. If he could succeed in doing it, reflected he, the trousseau would cost him nothing, no more would the

refurnishing of the farm ; and he *did* succeed, because in municipal councils such men as Grainereau take the lead, as progress demands they should. Once the matter settled, Grainereau turned his attention to the means how it might be made the most profitable. In ordinary years the Rosière received the 500 francs which the bequest allowed ; a gold watch and chain with pair of ear-rings from the municipal council, and the proceeds of a collection made in church. C. Grainereau fancied this might be improved upon. He moved in the council that the father of the Rosière be privileged every year to erect a marquee for dancing, and charge what he pleased at the entrance, the net receipts to be divided equally between him and the commune. A day or two later, when his motion had been carried, C. Grainereau pointed out that it would be unduly hard to call upon the Rosière for half her profits, and suggested that a quarter would do. The next day, having again succeeded, he returned to the charge with the motion that it would be more magnanimous to take nothing at all ; and this amendment having been voted like others—not, however, without desperate resistance on the part of the opposition, who evinced sentiments utterly beneath contempt—he successively obtained that the Rosière's father should have a refreshment licence given him for the festal day, that the dancing marquee should be erected, not at the Rosière's expense, but at that of the commune, and that the lighting of the said marquee should also be provided for out of the communal funds. " We can reform all that next year," reflected honest Grainereau, " but there's no harm in the arrangement for once in a way."

The foregoing particulars, I should state, only came to my knowledge at a later date, but I have given them here for greater clearness. When Floriant, myself, and party landed at Champterre we knew no more of the Rosière than we had casually heard on our way down, and we were none of us sorry to find a squad of village boys retailing photographs of the day's heroine at twenty sous a-piece. Before I forget it, let me mention that these photographs were also a device of Grainereau's. The worthy fellow had gone to a photographer, struck a bargain for the exclusive right to sell portraits of Félicie Lallouette in her Rosière dress, and pocketed three hundred francs on the transaction. So the village boys howled out at the top of their shrill voices, "Demandez la tête de Mam'selle Félicie !" and we each bought three or four of the heads in different attitudes, vignette, full face, and profile, and very fascinating heads they were. A pert, oval face it was, with rich masses of brown hair surmounting it ; hazel eyes, with long sweeping lashes, good teeth, and a curious expression, half bold, half innocent ; but innocent because youthful, as a young lioness might be who has never yet sucked blood, or a growing kitten before he has begun to filch cream. "Take my word for it," muttered Cirobois, with more reflectiveness than it was his wont to show. "We shan't have seen the last of this face to-day. It'll turn up some time or other and do something." With which prediction he and Braungesicht, being arm-in-arm as usual, stalked on ahead of us towards the church.

Heavens, what a crowd! The service had already begun and we squeezed in as we could, neither expecting a seat nor getting one. The choristers were at their posts, twelve little fellows with scarlet cassocks and lace surplices chaunting to the music of a double-base and an ophicleide, and making the quaint rhythm of their hymnal peal clear as crystal under the old rafters of the chancel. In seats of honour near the altar-rails, Mayor Parbouillaud, in his gold-fringed, tri-colour sash, and his council all rigged out in their Sunday best, not excluding the Opposition, who, although adverse to the whole proceedings on principle, came to the service in order to qualify for the dinner which took place at 6.30. Opposite to the council as many distinguished functionaries—justices of peace, commissary of police, and such kind,—as could be crammed into one pew; and in the most conspicuous spot midway between the two rows of seats and right in the centre of the nave, three chairs placed side by side, that to the right for the Rosière, that to the left for the Rosière of the preceding year, who, by a graceful fiction, was supposed to have brought her successor to the present honour by the shining force of example, and that in the middle for the patroness of the fête, who this year chanced to be the Prefect's wife, a brilliant lady, in a gown couleur jonquille, whose task it was to lay the coronet of roses on the Rosière's virginal brow, and whisper to her a few graceful nothings.

Right down the length of the nave, the space was filled by seven-and-sixty firemen in brass helmets, blue swallow-tails with red facings, and pantaloons *ad libitum*: none other these than the famous *Pompiers de Champterre*, renowned in song as extinguishers of fires in the houses of men and igniters of flames in the hearts of women. At the head of them glowed their trusty captain, in private life a baker, whose gold epaulets stood out so fiercely on either side of his ears, that they looked as if they were going to fly away with his head, which was a small and mild one. M. le Curé, in his richest stole, MM. les Vicaires in their purple and gold chasubles, and Monsieur the Precentor, in his silver-rimmed spectacles, served to complete a bright picture, which was not inaptly capped by the beadle, whose flaming baldric, steel halbert, pink silk calves, and towering three-cornered hat, seemed to symbolize the antiquated features of the ceremony which he was there to grace.

But antiquated or not, the proceedings showed no lack of life, and you may think what you please, but when the crowning moment of the solemnity arrived, the sight was a really pretty—I was going to say a touching—one. Mass was over. The last prayers had been said. M. le Curé had feelingly and thumpingly delivered his sermon in three points on the praise of virtue. Everybody had sat down, rustled, and then stood up again, and the organist was softly playing a voluntary. Then there was a lull. Six little mites of girls dressed all in white emerged from the Virgin's chapel and toddled gravely up the nave, carrying three cushions between them. On the first cushion was the Rosière's crown, on the second a white satin purse containing her dower, and on

the third a little jeweller's-box with the municipal gold watch and chain and the ear-rings in it. I thought, and still think, that to try and foster virtue by developing in it a taste for trinkets, is at least a bold experiment that must lead occasionally to unforeseen results. But innovations suggested by the modern spirit of liberality and progress are things so eminently respectable, that one must accept them with faith, notwithstanding internal misgivings, and so I say nothing against the municipal box. The little people with their cushions threaded their way along the bristling lane which the valiant firemen formed, reached their stand-point, dropped a curtsey and ranged themselves in a semicircle opposite the patroness of the fête. Then this lady, assisted by Mayor Parbouillaud, who now gallantly bustled forward, rose, faced the congregation, and smilingly beckoned to the Rosière to approach. We then saw Mdlle. Félicie Lallouette kneel on a hassock at the feet of Madame la Prefète, who very prettily and rather blushing helped her to put on her chain and ear-rings; then took the chaplet from its cushion and set it on her head. This was a signal for the baker-captain of the firemen corps, whose face had been convulsively working like that of a man who has a public duty to perform, and who at the precise moment when the chaplet touched Mdlle. Félicie's hair, screamed out in a voice that cracked right in the middle from emotion: "Present arms!" Simultaneously the organist touched his keys and pealed out the strains of a triumphal march, whilst the Curé, bending over the still kneeling girl, raised his hands aloft and gave the benediction. This was the end. With a great rush from all sides of the church, the congregation pressed forward to see the Rosière as she walked out processionally. First came the firemen headed by the baker, who marked time most satisfactorily when the throng prevented his advancing; then the beadle, then the Rosière herself, leaning on the arm of the Mayor, and escorted by the six little mites who strewed flowers on her path, then the Prefète with her arm on that of worthy Yve Lallouette, overwhelmed with the sense of so much honour; then the municipal councillors, headed by honest Colin Grainereau in a new waistcoat, and with a fixed grin on his countenance; lastly, more firemen to close up. And everybody who had a rose in his button-hole, and every woman or girl who had a nosegay in her hand, threw it as this goodly procession filed by; so that soon the flags were littered with rose-leaves as thick as a Turkey carpet. My rose went with the rest, so did that of Braungesicht, who regretted that he had not two roses—nay, a whole basketful. As for Ciribois, he only threw one single leaf of his, muttering as he did so in the dry, peculiar tone that always left one uncertain whether he was joking or not: "Trop de fleurs, jeune fille, trop de fleurs! On commence par là; on finit par les épines!" At this juncture I turned round to look for Floriant. He had not spoken during the ceremony. He was standing by my side gazing chancelwards, and appearing to take an interest altogether new to him in the proceedings. For once in a way, I believe he positively forgot to cast around him that sweeping and scrutatory glance which Frenchmen of his

age throw, pretty much as a fisherman jerks his net, to see whether there are any presentable women within eyereach. He also omitted either to stroke his moustache or finger his satin scarf, which, under other circumstances, I should have taken as an indication that he did not feel well, or had lost more money than he liked at *baccarat*. When the cortège began to move in our direction he slightly shifted his position, and gave vent to one of those murmured exclamations that do not mean much if a man is wont to express his sentiments by continual "Oh!s" and "Ah!s," but which signify a good deal in the mouth of a man whom a long acquaintance with wonders of all sorts has rendered reticent. Floriant had seen too many pretty women in his life-time to be stirred by the sight of a new face, however striking; and yet as the Rosière neared us, he drew the flower from his button-hole, waited his opportunity, and when she was but a couple of yards distant from him, dropped it at her feet. The thing was done with infinite grace, but was so marked, that it was impossible to confound this particular flower with the others, or the donor of it with the rest of the throng. Mdle. Félicie raised her eyes a little, timidly, and bowed; and the Marquis de Floriant returned her salute with an inclination of the head, such as he habitually reserved for duchesses. All this was the work of a moment; then, apparently satisfied with his performance, Gaston took my arm and said: "And now what shall we do until ball time?"

III.

There was something of a problem in the question, for between the church service which we had just seen, and the ball which we were resolved to see, lay a bleak tract of eight hours, which could scarcely be filled to our own satisfaction by going to see the clod-hoppers of Champterre climb their greasy poles for legs of mutton, or race in sacks for live rabbits. Cirobois counselled that we should invite the municipal council to luncheon, make them drunk, and then call upon them for an outspoken statement as to their views in politics. He had once, he averred, beguiled time in this way on the commune of his own estate down in Languedoc, and after two hours' champagning, had obtained from his council the most solemn declaration that they were a set of imbeciles. Unfortunately, the rate-leviers of Champterre would probably get drunk that day without our assistance and at their own—or rather the rate-payers'—expense, so there was nothing for it but to adjourn to the one decent inn in the place and order a repast, which, by smoking, anecdoting, and mixture of cool drinks, was eked out until the hour when respectable people think of dinner. About this time Floriant vanished, and did not turn up again until close upon nine o'clock, when the streets of the village were already lighted, when the fun in the fair-booths was growing fast and furious, and when from the vast marquee which Colin Grainereau had caused to be erected for Yves Lallouette, his future father-in-law, issued the *queak*—*queak* of fiddles and the *toot*—*toot* of cornopeans being tuned for the evening's fray. Our party had been wandering about in a desultory way, raffling for macaroons, shooting down wax images for unsmokeable cigars,

and otherwise enjoying ourselves since seven. When the marquee was thrown open we streamed in like one man, and it was then that Floriant burst anew upon our sight, arrayed in faultless evening-dress, with diamond studs in his shirt-front, his hair curled, and an opera-hat under his arm. He had gone back in stealth to Paris to effect this revolution in his costume, and now confronted us with a smiling "I spilt some wine over my waistcoat at luncheon, and so was obliged to change. Once in Paris, I thought I might as well dress, since there was going to be dancing."

"But *you* are not going to dance?" asked Ravignan of the Cent-Gardes, laughing.

"Look at these boards, man," giggled Narcisse de Parabère, who often led the cotillon at the Court balls; "there's an inch and a half between them. Have you insured your ankles?"

"Diamond studs, too!" lisped René de Morange, in a half whisper to Cirobois. "When Floriant dresses like a snob, there's always some reason for it. He has set those diamonds to catch somebody—they are bird-lime."

"Or paste," suggested Cirobois. "Are you really going to show these bumpkins that you can hop almost as well as they?" added he, touching Floriant's arm.

"Bah! you will all of you dance," retorted Floriant. "And as to the clothes, they will be what everybody else will wear, except yourselves—so I shall be less remarked than you."

So far as that went, he was not quite wrong. Colin Grainereau had caused to be set up at the door a notice to this effect:—

"ADMISSION, 5 FRANCS.

"Well-wishers of the Rosière may give more if they please. By paying forty francs, gentlemen may obtain a pink ticket, which will entitle them to dance with the Rosière;"

and this announcement had kept away all such Champterrians as were feeble folk, with no money in their purses. Further, C. Grainereau had set a detective from Paris to watch at the doors, and see that no ladies of a certain nameless category crept in; and, thanks to these precautions, the gathering was really as select as could be desired. All the officials of the canton were there—they, their wives, and their marriageable offspring. Local commerce had its representatives; so had the garrison of the neighbouring post-town; and, what with the white neckcloths of the tradesmen, the councillors, and two bald-headed churchwardens, and the red trousers of three or four sub-lieutenants, very spruce in their trim regimentals, Floriant's get-up did not seem so much out of place as his admirers might have feared. Nevertheless, it is useless to disguise that his studs excited attention. The two bald churchwardens cast glances of esteem at him; the councillors who passed by made themselves respectfully small, so as not to brush him with their elbows; awe fell upon the waiter, who served him with a glass of seltzer-water; and by-and-by, when he whirled round the room waltzing with Mlle, Félicie Lallouette,

the poor girl seemed unable to lift her eyes off the shiny stones, in which surely the devil must have elected his abode for that evening.

It appeared to me when Mdlle. Félicie entered the ball-room that she had grown a good year older since the morning, not only in age but in experience. Truth to say, that is a trying ordeal which takes a young girl from the secluded innocency of home, and places her of a sudden into a glaring position, where she becomes for a day the queen of her neighbourhood, the admired object of all eyes, the recipient of a thousand flatteries, none the less dangerous because spoken out in plain round terms, with bucolic frankness. Then, Mdlle. Félicie had been chief guest at the municipal dinner that evening, and, if facts must be told as they are, champagne corks had been popped with a prodigality only known at those banquets where it is not the poppers who pay. Mdlle. Félicie had never tasted it before, and this time she had tasted it to an extent that made her beautiful eyes beam like Scotch cairngorms, her breath go quicker, and cheeks glow like August peaches. Unfortunate C. Grainereau ! what infatuation can have possessed him under such auspices as these to show himself to his betrothed with his weasly face, his preposterous garments, his walnut-coloured hands, and his ploughman's gait ? With a face like his, the man ought to have hidden himself under a bushel for the day, and only reappeared when, the pomp and glitter of the festivity being over, he would have had no comparison to dread with any of the brilliant butterflies who were fluttering round his Félicie. As it was, C. Grainereau looked like an unclean beetle, gadding about a white tablecloth ; and, to add to his natural charms, he had drunk himself into hiccoughs and unsteadiness. What chance could he have against the Marquis de Floriant ? It seems that Floriant had bought up all the tickets that gave the holders right to dance with the Rosière. At all events, after the first quadrille, which she opened with Mayor Parbouillaud, and the first polka, which she footed with the mild baker-captain of the firemen corps, nobody, not even C. Grainereau himself, could obtain a dance from her. C. Grainereau probably consoled himself with the reflection that, having honestly issued more pink tickets than there were dances for, the purchasers would find their bargains less profitable than they had hoped. But this he only thought for the early part of the evening. As the hours wore on, and it was always the same purchaser who danced with his Rosière, as polka followed quadrille, and waltz polka, and still it was that same young blade, with the diamond buttons and the waxed moustache, C. Grainereau's features became decomposed. I think I perceived the precise moment when suspicion first flashed across him. He was leaning vinously and complacently against one of the tent-poles, brewing heaven knows what thoughts in his crooked mind, when the Marquis passed with Félicie into the refreshment-room, close to him—so close, indeed, that Félicie could not but have perceived him, though she gave no token of the fact except by turning her head, purposely as it seemed, the other way. In the refreshment-room, Yves Lallouette, who had been plied with con-

gratulatory drink ever since sunrise (and it was now within an hour of midnight), sat hopelessly rooted to a chair, with his purple face blinking unconsciously at nothing. His daughter stopped before him, however, and seemed to be whispering who her partner was. He staggered to his feet, held out a rocking hand, drivelled something about "the honour," &c., and floundered backwards again. Floriant and the Rosière then sat down at an adjoining table, whither anon rushed a waiter with an iced pail of Cliquot. At this moment the flower-girl, Mirabelle, glided into the room, being, apparently, a privileged person, free to enter everywhere. She looked round as if seeking somebody, perceived where Floriant was, and smiled a rather meaning smile. She made towards him holding the bouquet she had promised to keep that morning, and, dropping a curtsy, said, "I was sure you would want it, Monsieur le Marquis."

Floriant took the bouquet, of course, and handed it to Mdle. Félicie, and it was then that, crossing the room, and chancing to light upon the features of C. Grainereau, I noted the ghastly change they underwent. The man clapped his hand to his forehead, gave a gasp, and was sobered in one instant.

Most of us—I mean we good-for-nothings who had come down from Paris—had been dancing. It was the custom, said one of our number. We should look singular if we didn't. It was not fair, coming to a ball, to act as killjoys; and so on. In short, we danced. But on beholding the grimace which C. Grainereau pulled, and the direction which his thunder-laden glances took, I guessed there was a storm preparing; nor was I wrong.

Cirobois was near me, mystifying his Prussian with an account of some French provincial customs, which Braungesicht was listening to attentively with the most guileless faith. I confided my apprehensions to him. "Oh, yes," he answered quietly; "I have been looking for the storm this long while. We had better keep an eye on the pair—that's all we can do."

"But I shall go and warn Floriant."

"Breath's precious: better not waste it. There are three things you can never stop: a train flying down hill, a joint-stock company going to grief, and a woman on the slope to——"

"He did not finish, for Floriant had just conducted Félicie Lallouette back to her place, and was taking leave of her. In doing so, he stooped, said something that evidently pleased her, causing her both to smile and to redden; and in shaking hands with her, held her hand within his own just a short second longer than there was any need for. Then bowing in a way that said in the clearest dumb language possible, "*Au revoir*," and not "*Adieu*," he withdrew. Colin Grainereau uttered a sort of growl, clenched his fists, rushed into the refreshment-room, and swallowed a glass of brandy to give himself courage, and then followed him.

"Now for the storm!" remarked Girobois; and we went out too.

There was a crowd outside listening to the music; but beyond the throng Floriant was discernible in the grey overcoat which he had donned, lighting a cigar, and seemingly making his way to the station.

"Stop!" screamed Grainereau, running after him; and in a paroxysm of passion he caught Floriant by the shirt-front, shook him savagely, and yelled: "Go away from here, do you hear me? go away, and never come near us again!"

Floriant had been taken aback; but recovering from his surprise, he caught the unlucky peasant roughly by the throat, swayed him, and sent him reeling ten yards away. Our timely arrival prevented further hostilities. We ran between the two, and asked Grainereau by name (for he had been pointed out to us several times over that day) what he meant. But, as is the way with countrymen, all the man's valour had forsaken him upon finding that he was not the strongest; and at our question, instead of firing up anew, he lapsed maudlin, put his hands to his eyes, and whined: "Why should he come here and turn her head? What has she done to him, and what harm have I ever done him?" spluttered he, piteously. "I should make her happy, and he knows I would. There are enough women in that Paris of his—why does he not go and take one of them?" Before we could foresee his intention, he bundled himself down on his knees, embraced Floriant's legs with his arms, and cried: "Hark you, young rich man! you shall have all the money of your tickets back again, if you will go. I watched her with you this evening, and you've turned her head. You have. I saw it in her eyes, and I tell you it's a bad action—a bad action!" roared he two or three times over, and he continued to snivel and whimper.

"You're drunk; let me go!" exclaimed Floriant, impatiently, and he shook himself free.

Colin Grainereau got up blubbering, and tottered to a lamp-post, for his tipsiness seemed to have got the better of him again. He pressed his forehead against the cold iron, and sobbed, half from drunkenness, half with impotent rage and grief.

We four walked on in silence; but at the first turning of the road, Cirobois stopped, and laid a hand on Floriant's shoulder.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, with some earnestness in his voice, and looking Floriant fixedly in the face, "take my advice and *don't*. Nothing good can come of it."

IV.

Two or three years passed. Within a week of the Rosière's fête circumstances had drawn me away from Paris, and when I returned I learned that Floriant had gone travelling, but with whom, for whom, or for what, people were much too busy with their own concerns to inquire. One day, however, passing near the Paris corn-market, I met a wizened face which I could just remember having seen somewhere. It was the face of an ugly, melancholy, and cross-grained looking farmer, in a wide-awake hat and a white blouse. He seemed to recognize me, for without being spoken to he addressed me, hissing and pale with sudden passion: "I've not forgotten your face nor *his*, and if you see him you may tell him so. May heaven curse him! If I meet him again it won't be fists I shall

try on him, no, nor wood. You may tell him that too!" And he trudged onwards, mumbling threatening oaths. The only explanation I could find to which enigma was that Colin Grainereau—for my interlocutor was he—had got drunk again.

But the circumstance had not quite slipped from my memory when, some six weeks later, my servant entered whilst I was at my breakfast and announced, "Le Marquis de Floriant."

I liked Floriant, and though we never wrote to each other when separated, our acquaintanceship was not one of those that are slackened by absence. I was glad to see him, and in less than five minutes both of us were at table talking as old friends again. Perhaps, indeed, these are the pleasantest friendships, which one can lay down and take up anew without inconvenience on either side.

"And so you are only just returned to Paris, Floriant?"

"Only just, and my first visit is for you."

"You must have roamed the whole world over—Egypt, India, Japan?"

"No, nothing further than Italy—Rome, Venice, the old story. We travel, and find the only city worth living in is Paris."

"And yet the time has passed pleasantly?"

"Yes, oh yes." And this answer meant no, as most such replies do.

We adjourned to the balcony for coffee and to smoke. Floriant remained some minutes silent, and I had leisure to observe that he was altered—thinner, paler, and more thoughtful-looking. But he no longer seemed blasé, and his dress, though correct and tasteful, was not the distressingly elaborate thing of former days. After wreathing a few clouds into the air, he suddenly laid down his cigar, drew his chair closer to mine, and said, very impressively, "I am going to ask a favour of you, Blamont."

"Ask," I answered, a little astonished, but with a smile.

"Well, it's a matter that can only be undertaken by a friend of proved discretion," explained he, with growing excitement discernible in his manner. "I want you to negotiate a 'break-off' for me," and he drew a sigh as though to say, "Now the thing's out."

"Are there letters to get back—or what?"

"No, no letters, but it will be uphill argument. She loves me, I believe, tenaciously, almost savagely; I don't love her, and I have a marriage in view. You see I am thirty now. A man can't spend his whole life driving up and down the Champs Elysées, nodding to women he doesn't care for, and losing his money at horse-races. I think I perceive my way to doing something in politics or diplomacy; and my marriage may help me. You'll see her. She is charming—an Italian, first-rate family, plenty of money—which is a secondary consideration—but sweet-tempered and pretty as an angel . . ."

"Who, the person you want to break with?"

"Oh, no, the other—the one I want to marry. This second one, she's pretty too—yes; but you can't understand what it is to be tied to

a woman with whom you have no community of thought. It's like the shot chained to the convict's ankle; and I've been undergoing this for more than two years—an eternity!" He positively moaned as he said this, and his next words almost took the form of an entreaty: "You'll offer anything she pleases, Blamont, to break off with me—that is, not to do anything to thwart my marriage; for she could thwart it if she would, and I am sure she would do it if not argued with. I have been having her trained for the stage, so that she might have a paying profession to fall back upon; but you must say I'll make over twelve thousand francs a year to her in Rentes if she will go and live out of France—in Belgium, or Switzerland, or some such place. She shall have double if she wishes it—anything, so that she break, for good and all."

He rambled on for a considerable while to this effect—for it was really little better than rambling; and I could not help admiring the retributive justice of the Nemesis which had overtaken such a Lothario as Floriant, by putting him in the power of an importunate, uneducated woman, whom he dreaded, and on whose nod or refusal the whole of his future career seemed to hinge. When he had favoured me with a whole host of particulars essential to the success of the negotiations, and coached me with diplomatic hints enough to have led him with flying colours out of any creditable undertaking, he was for having me start at once and get the business settled out of hand. Up to this moment he had not breathed a word as to the woman's name or her antecedents, so I questioned him on this subject.

He seemed on the point of telling me, then hesitated, and at length exclaimed, "No, go straight and see her, that's the best way; you've met her once in your life." And upon this he thrust a card with an address upon it into my hands and ran out, leaving me to make of his explanations what I could.

The embassy was not a very agreeable one, but friendship is exposed to be sent on missions of this kind, and to be little thanked into the bargain whether they succeed or fail. So I took a cab and drove to an hotel near the Bois de Boulogne, much resorted to by people who wished to imagine themselves in the country whilst being in Paris. I was shown up a sagaciously carpeted—I was going to say muffled—staircase, through corridors embellished with reproductions of sculptured masterpieces in similitarble, and so on into a drawing-room commanding a view of a garden, where some rather flashy guests of the hotel were luncheon. The lady was not in the room; but the waiter vanished to apprise her maid; and whilst he was gone, I was able with a glance or two to reconnoitre the chamber and all its appurtenances. On the table, amidst a medley of women's knick-nacks, were one or two rehearsal-books of Boulevard comedies then in vogue; at another part of the table an open copy-book, which I had not the indiscretion to examine, but which at a distance looked curiously like an exercise-ground for pothooks and hangers. On a chair a grammar.

I had been perhaps five minutes in the room when silk rustled down the passage. The door was flung open, and a woman of superb beauty

rushed in rather impetuously, as if she well knew the person she expected to meet. On seeing me, however, she stopped, looked at me astonished, and then, with somewhat of a tremor in her voice, like that which comes of a presentiment of evil, asked me to what she was indebted for the pleasure of my visit. The woman was Félicie Lallouette.

She had never known me, however, and so had no occasion to colour at any untimely recollections. But she suspected evil, and I can see her now leaning on the arm of the chair into which she had thrown herself, resting her chin on her hand, and turning her large, liquid eyes on me waiting for an explanation. She was no longer the Félicie of three years ago. Time had added to her beauty whilst changing the character of it. It was now a haughty beauty—that of a woman of passion who has braved the world and feels the need to hold her head high, to assert a position which she knows is not hers. In good sooth, I am no admirer of the unsexed class into which she had drifted, but I pitied the woman, and in telling her on what errand I had come, conveyed my message with all the forbearance and delicacy that I had at command. She listened without answering a word, but her hands turned to marble as I was speaking, and her face looked like that of a statue. The only live part in her features were her eyes, and they, instead of deadening, changed to fire, glowing with quietly suppressed intensity, that had something superstitiously terrifying in it. She waited until I had quite finished, then sat a moment motionless. After which she rose and said coldly : “ And what does he expect ? ”

“ Expect that you will be amenable to reason and prudence,” I answered gently.

“ Never,” she said, with defiant firmness.

This “ never ” was like the closing of an iron door. I have heard such emphatic “ nevers ” on one or two other occasions during my life, and every time I have felt, what I then felt, that though it was a woman who spoke, the case was hopeless.

“ But what do you intend doing ? ” I inquired.

“ I intend to break with him,” was her calm reply. “ I would never accept a centime more of his money if I were starving of hunger. I shall leave him, but not free to do what he pleases and break others’ lives as he has broken mine. He swore to me that he loved me, did your friend, swore it hundreds upon hundreds of times, and I believed him. What is this code of morality which suffers a nobleman to perjure himself to a woman, and yet deem himself honourable and a fit mate for an innocent girl ? I am not of your sphere of society, Monsieur, but what little I have been able to learn of its ways since your friend raised me or lowered me from the station where I stood, has taught me that the one law it places above all others, is respect for plighted faith. I cannot conceive that this law makes exceptions and says : ‘ You shall keep your word to all save a woman.’ So, as your friend has deceived me, I have a right to conclude he will deceive others ; and it shall be my business to prevent him, *if I can*, from making new victims.”

This was said without declamation, quietly and coldly.

"But what can you do?" I asked, disconcerted.

"Do?" she answered. "I will retire to the mire whence I sprung, with my innocence and my illusions the less, and a hatred in my heart the more. I will work for my bread—but whenever your friend hopes to link a trusting girl's destiny to his, or enter upon a career that promises honour or distinction, he will find me upon his path, and he will learn what a fallen woman's vengeance is."

I endeavoured to remonstrate, but with a quick, not undignified, wave of the hand, she cut me short.

"I have nothing more to add, Monsieur," she said, "but that I shall leave this within an hour." And upon this she touched the bell, thus signifying to me to bow and withdraw.

V.

"A woman's vengeance!" I thought, but this was some eighteen months afterwards, under widely different circumstances—that is, at Versailles, where I had been summoned to give evidence at the examination of a *Pétroleuse*.

It was in the bitterly raw June of the present year. The day was grey, with gusts of rain and wind, and the weather seemed to render more sinister and dank the lobby in which I, with some score of other witnesses, were waiting our turns to be examined. This was not a trial, but only a summary cross-questioning of the women who had been seized red-handed, and imprisoned together at Satory, at the close of the insurrection. Gendarmes with oil-skin over their hats, and heads bent down to avoid the sleet that would have pelted into their faces, clanked by every minute, leading handcuffed women across a paved yard from the extemporized prison to the court-house or back again. And what women! No gleam of romance to be extracted from those misshapen countenances; little sympathy, even, that could be afforded to women so bereft of all that renders woman loveable. I saw a batch of unfortunate creatures who had been arrested that very morning in the slums of Paris, and were trudging along chained to one another by the wrists. They did not bear themselves with the dogged sullenness which men show when in trouble. They laughed hysterically as they went, shrieked infamous songs, spat out jeering insults against the soldiers who were their escort; and one of them—a woman past middle-age, in a silk gown, with the paint of her profession still on her—seeing me look through the window, pulled out her tongue and made a face at me. "Surely," thought I, "women, when they do fall, fall to fathomless depths." And I began to muse on whose behalf or against whom I could have possibly been called to bear testimony.

I was not long kept in doubt. A gendarme, reeking with wet, entered with a list in his hand, read out my name and address, and said, "This way, if you please."

I followed the man through a labyrinth of passages, which, notwithstanding that it was midday, were lit with flickering oil-lamps. On the floor, soldiers worn out with the fatigues of the past days were sleeping

and snoring in exhausted attitudes. At every ten yards, stacks of arms; in every doorway, sentinels with bayonets fixed. The prison had been a former cavalry barrack, and the court-house whither my gendarme guide led me was a transformed saddle-room.

The door closed behind us, and I found myself in a whitewashed chamber, the walls of which were still adorned with pegs, where hung for the nonce military képis and sabres. At a deal table, encumbered with papers and pewter inkstands, half-a-dozen officers were sitting in undress uniforms. The President, a peremptory colonel, who wasted little time in formalities, looked up as I appeared and, pointing to a woman ignobly clad, and deeply pitted with small-pox, who stood behind a sort of bar, said, "Monsieur, this woman is accused of having set fire to the mansion of the Marquis de Floriant in the Rue de Lille."

The woman nodded and drew a tattered shawl closer round her. The gendarmes to right and left of her frowned and looked indignant at her calmness.

"By profession," resumed the Colonel, "the woman is—is—everything that these women are when they cut the figure of this one; but she calls herself an operative—says she was taken ill with small-pox during the siege, and only joined the Communalist insurrection for the purpose of burning this single house down. As to name, she pretends she has none—but she states that you know her, and will answer for her being not a thief. We have called you at her request."

I had hitherto been standing on the same line with the woman, and had not caught a good sight of her features. I now stepped in front of her, and looked at her face—out of which, as behind a cloud, dimly rose the recollection of lineaments seen but twice before.

"Yes," she said, nodding again simply, "it's me. I wish you to say," added she, in an undisturbed tone, "that I am—am not what the Colonel thinks. I worked for my bread, as I promised you I would: it is the small-pox that has made me ugly—that and poverty. Why I burned the Hôtel de Floriant *you* know. I have prevented your friend's marriage. I have debarred him from ever wrecking the happiness of another girl as he did mine. I was wrong to burn his house, that I confess: but we do things in moments of bitterness that we would not do otherwise. Say to the gentleman that it was not to plunder, will you, that I did this . . .?"

It was not immediately that I could speak. I seemed to be seeing her before me that Sunday at Champierre, with the crown of white roses, the pealing of the organ, and the Curé's benediction.

"Monsieur," I faltered at last to the Colonel, "I swear this woman is to be pitied."

She bent her head in acknowledgment, and said, with just the slightest quaver in her voice, "Thank you, Monsieur."

The next thing I heard of her was that she had been condemned to death.

Princess Gallitzin.

It is probably not often that the whim or necessity of the traveller leads him to visit the retired village of Angelmodde, near to the city of Münster in Westphalia: but he whom some odd chance should take there, will scarcely fail to notice, resting against the white stuccoed church wall, a monumental cross, bearing on it the image of the Saviour, and having the following inscription, in the German language, inscribed on its square pedestal:—

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; and do hold all as dung, that I may win Christ.—*Phil.* iii. 8.

SO WAS MINDED, AND SO LIVED, THE MOTHER OF THE POOR AND OPPRESSED,
THE PRINCESS AMELIA VON GALLITZIN

(BORN COUNTESS VON SCHMETTAU),

WHOSE BONES REST BEFORE THIS IMAGE, IN HOPE OF THEIR
GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

SHE DIED ON THE 29TH OF APRIL, 1806, IN THE 58TH YEAR OF HER AGE.
PRAY FOR HER.

We have had of late several memoirs of French ladies of distinguished piety: Eugénie de Guérin, Madame la Feronnays, the Marquise de la Fayette, and others. There may be some interest in tracing the varieties which national or other influences bring to notice in the religious personality of the German lady to whom the above epitaph refers.

The world is but little acquainted now with the character, or even the name, of the Princess Gallitzin, who at the close of the last century was distinguished as one of the most devout and learned members of a social circle eminent both for piety and intellectual attainments; whose remarkable qualities made her practically the centre of that circle; while in the world of culture beyond it, she was regarded with friendship and admiration by men of very varied types of genius. Goethe, the free-thinker, the intellectual voluptuary, the scornful monarch of letters, said of her, "She was one of those individuals of whom one can form no sort of idea without having seen her, and whom one cannot judge aright without viewing her both in connection and in contrast with her contemporaries and associates." He offered her the privilege of his correspondence, telling her that she alone had found the key of his long-closed heart, that to her it would open itself fully, only desiring her confidence in return. Herder and Lavater had made a similar overture to her. To Goethe alone, of the three, she was half inclined to return a favourable answer, "He was the only celebrated man," she said, "who ever to

me seemed truly inspired, and who moved my heart, as being so." For a short winter she remained in doubt whether she should or should not comply with his request. It had come at a time when she was going through the great crisis of her life, her renunciation of the vanities of learning and fame for the unreserved self-sacrifice of the Christian devotee. She finally decided that the profit to be gained by compliance was not tantamount to the loss of time and peril to her heart's freedom. But her friendship with Goethe continued unimpaired. We have very interesting notices of it scattered through the poet's autobiographical fragments, to some of which we shall recur. And not only was this high-priest of poetical scepticism her friend: ardent as she was in her personal devotion to the Roman Catholic culture, she could embrace within the sphere of her affection and confidence a free-thinking philosopher like Hemsterhüys, a rationalist like Jacobi, orthodox Lutherans like Claudius and Klopstock, Protestant mystics like Hamann and Buchholz.

Such tolerance was indeed in the spirit of her time and surroundings. Let us dwell a little on this matter. We have heard much of the revival of religious life in Germany during and after the wars of liberation. But this was by no means the first movement of positive reaction against the infidel opinions disseminated by the French school and encouraged by Frederick the Great. Thoughtful spirits had worked towards a more vital recognition of Christianity in several distinct social centres, not driven to it by any pressure of external trouble, not by proselytizing fanaticism, but by that moral earnestness which has constituted at all times the noblest side of the German character. At Hamburg, at Kiel, Eutin, and other places in Holstein, and at Münster in Westphalia, there existed coteries of friends like-minded on most points of faith and philosophy, yet allowing considerable differences of insight among themselves, and varying, circle from circle, in the technicalities of belief. Thus at Münster, the seat of a Roman Catholic bishopric, the dogmas of the old church were in the ascendant. At Wandsbeck, in Holstein, the once famous Claudius gave the tone to the prevalent pietistic Lutheranism, a little too old-fashioned in its orthodoxy for his son-in-law Perthes. At Hamburg, Kiel, and other places on the North Sea and Baltic, Protestantism might be seen in juxtaposition, or even in combination, with advanced rationalism; but, as a rule, in those social circles which were neither Frenchified on the one hand, nor bound by mere routine tradition on the other, religion was a topic of serious thought and discussion, and was treated in a sympathetic spirit very different from the sectarian zeal which characterized parties after the peace of 1815. The ultramontane, romantic, or evangelical belligerents of the later period were stimulated by a reactionist horror of liberalism, or by a Jesuit attraction and repulsion among themselves, arising out of the experiences of an age of violence. The theosophists of 1780-1790, whatever their speculative divergencies, were not embittered against each other by altars overthrown or by holy names proscribed. They could even argue with unbelievers in a mild and

tolerant fashion, and make allowances for an incredulity which they felt themselves happy, but not supremely virtuous for not sharing.

Now it was to the ranks of the incredulous that the Princess Gallitzin herself in early womanhood belonged. She was the daughter of a Prussian Field-Marshal, Count von Schmettau, and was born at Berlin in 1748. Her mother being a Roman Catholic, she was educated according to that persuasion, till the age of thirteen or fourteen, at a convent in Breslau. Beyond a few superstitious notions, however, she learnt positively nothing there; and did not gain much more at a school at Berlin to which she was afterwards removed. The chief accomplishments she had acquired by the time she had to take up her social position at her mother's house—a distinguished one in Berlin—were a proficiency in music, for which she had great natural taste, and facility in the French language. But she had become also conscious of a soul full of ardent aspirations—of a vague sentimental desire after excellence and happiness of a kind different from that pursued by the votaries of pleasure around her. Society, in the ordinary sense of the word, palled upon her. She liked, in the company of one chosen friend, or else alone, to pore over such books as she could by any means procure from the booksellers' stalls in the city. Novels and romances first fed her youthful fancy. She declared afterwards that she had derived no harm from this species of mental indulgence, but, on the contrary, a contempt for all that was base and mean. At the same time an under-current of spiritual awe took possession of her soul. The mysteries of another world, the strife of good and evil, would force unanswerable questions on her sensitive but ill-instructed conscience.

The chance reading of a French work on metaphysics formed a crisis in her inward life. A passion for psychological inquiry now seized upon her. Profoundly ignorant, she asked questions right and left, "making," as she said, "the young laugh in my face, whilst my elders reproved me for talking nonsense, and for busying myself about matters which did not belong to the province of a young lady."

This thinking, wondering girl became at eighteen years of age a lady in attendance on the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia. It was a natural step in the career of one of her birth and pretensions, and she was fitted for it besides by great personal attractions—by beauty, grace, lively wit, and musical accomplishments. "She plays the harpsichord and sings like an angel," said Diderot of her a few years later. At the age of twenty she accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the fashionable watering-places of Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle. The impression made by her on the pleasure-seekers at these resorts was great. Her musical performances attracted them especially. But the inwardly serious and elevated cast of mind, in which she so greatly differed from the ordinary run of high-born young ladies of her time, was probably little heeded or understood. One English nobleman is said to have discovered it, observing to the Princess Ferdinand that she had done well to bring the

Countess von Schmettau in her suite, for that the ideas he had formed of Berlin ladies before he had left home had not been very favourable, but were now entirely changed by the noble style and manner he observed in her, so far removed from anything like coquetry.

Among the visitors at Aix-la-Chapelle was a Russian nobleman, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, a grandee high in the employment of the Empress Catherine, past the middle term of life, magnificent in his habits, cultivated in the technicalities of taste, skilled in natural science, conversant with literature. He had lately been collecting pictures for his imperial mistress in Paris, where he had resided fourteen years, and had become familiarly acquainted with the intellectual stars of the *Siècle Louis Quinze*—with Voltaire and Diderot in particular. In short he had acquired that French varnish which, in the days before the great war, used to cover the mental barbarism of the Russian man of the world with a specious outside. He was now on his way back to St. Petersburg, to receive credentials from the Empress for the post of ambassador at the Hague, to which she had appointed him; and he naturally found his place in the society assembled around the Princess Ferdinand of Prussia. To Amelia von Schmettau his conversation was attractive. He could talk of the great metaphysicians of the Encyclopædist school. His own character for learning, amply certified by the flattering letters which these famed *savants* wrote to him, and which he displayed to the Countess with much self-satisfaction, did not fail to impress her ardent spirit. He wooed and won her. "My heart did not require what the world calls love," she said, writing at a later time of this epoch in her life's history; "but the desire of Perfection had planted its Ideal deep within my heart, had become a necessity to me, and was independent of concrete form. I felt that the Prince might become everything to me, if he were capable of participating in these sentiments." The Prince admired the pretty and well-born lady who was ready to incline her ear to his self-laudations, and thought her admirably calculated to grace an ambassador's reception-rooms, but certainly did not enter into her secretly indulged transcendentalisms of feeling.

They were married at Aix-la-Chapelle in August, 1768. After the marriage they went to St. Petersburg, where the Prince received credentials for his mission, and in the course of 1770 they took up their residence at the Hague. The style of representation which was considered as part of a Russian ambassador's duty, and which the tastes of Prince Gallitzin rendered quite congenial to him, was in the highest degree splendid and showy. Everlasting visits and receptions, balls, theatres, and ceremonials, made up the round of occupation. The Prince, puzzled at first by the pensive sentimentality of his bride, thought that her spirits could not fail to rise when once she had become thoroughly imbued with the excitement of these social stimulants. But poor Amelia was suffering not only from the infliction of habits which were contrary to her taste, but from the bitterness of her heart's disillusion. "I brought back," she said afterwards, "every

evening from the ceaseless round of dissipation an increased but futile longing for something better—something, however, of which I knew not the exact nature—which I dared not talk about to others. Seldom did I fall asleep without weeping. I was like one of those stage-actors who can afford delight to others by their antics while they shed bitter tears in secret." At first, her natural spirits would sometimes rise to the surface, and at such moments her wit and sprightliness would gain for her a social popularity to which she was not wholly indifferent; but by degrees even this excitement palled upon her, and, to fill the void in her heart, she felt there was no real resource for her but study. Greek and Latin, metaphysics and moral philosophy—such were the subjects on which her ardent curiosity fastened. Now there was at the Hague at this time a philosopher of considerable repute—Francis Hemsterhuys. He was the son of Tiberius Hemsterhuys, the well-known philologist, and was himself learned in the learning of the Greeks, especially in the writings of Plato, which he both studied and imitated. His principal work was a treatise entitled *De l'Homme et ses Rapports*, published at Paris in 1773. Some of his metaphysical lucubrations had been composed before the Princess came to the Hague, and inspired her with great enthusiasm. The philosophy of Hemsterhuys was a Deistic rationalism, based, in great measure, on the ideal doctrines of Plato, and admitting of sentimental and spiritual applications, which made it far more attractive to the enthusiastic young Countess than the cold negations of the French metaphysicians, her husband's friends and allies. Hemsterhuys, on his part, though a mature student of fifty when the Countess made his acquaintance, was completely fascinated by her. A fast friendship grew up between them: they thought, studied, discussed, corresponded, in common. Hemsterhuys called himself Socrates and the Countess Diotima, and composed dialogues based on the philosophical conversations they had held together. In a special work entitled *Diokles to Diotima*, he undertook to demonstrate to his fair friend the untenableness of the whole French system of Atheism.

More than ever restless to escape the round of social dissipation as the divine charms of philosophy became more intelligible to her through the eloquence of a living expounder, Princess Gallitzin implored her spouse to allow of her retirement from the great world. At first she implored in vain; but it so happened that Diderot came to pay them a visit. He saw the fundamental difficulties of the case, and he persuaded his friend the Prince, as the best means of dealing with the increasing misunderstanding between himself and his young wife, to allow of her retreat to a small farm in the neighbourhood of the town, where she might follow her whim of seclusion and study without hindrance. To this farm, situated a little off the Allée leading from the Hague to Schevening, Amelia now betook herself with her two children. She changed its name from *Hahn* to *Nithuyss*, the Dutch rendering for *Nicht-zu-Hause*, or "Not at Home:" meaning thereby to imply the utter seclusion from all company in which she wished to pass her days. She took more effectual measures still to

mark her secession from the world of fashion. She had her hair shaved off, donned a round perruque, abjured stays, and adopted a peasant's garb. The gay world laughed at her, but she was quite content to let it laugh; and meanwhile she did not exclude from her presence some few visitors who really admired her renunciation for the sake of science. Hemsterhuys had ready access to her sanctuary. His visits were frequent, but at first they were always made in company with her husband, who appears to have taken the conjugal separation with great good humour after the first difficulty. As time went on, however, it happened that Prince Gallitzin was frequently absent from the Hague. Then Hemsterhuys came to Nithuys all the same, and would remain for days in her company. Her dignity and self-respect were beyond reproach; but it would seem that Hemsterhuys did begin to feel something warmer than studious sympathy with his adorable Diotima. A few expressions in her extant letters seem to hint at rebuke on her part; and it is probable that a growing sense of the ambiguity of their relations—possibly some consciousness of danger to her own susceptibilities—decided her to break up her residence at Nithuys, after she had continued it for upwards of five years. This was in 1779, when she had attained the age of thirty. She carried away with her, as the net result of this epoch of her life, a considerable store of philosophical ideas, habits of intense application, an ever-increasing thirst for knowledge, a satisfied acceptance of the Deist's position as against materialistic Atheism on the one hand, and as against positive revelation on the other, and, in general, no mean estimate of her own powers and achievements; for Hemsterhuys' praise had been without stint, as his admiration of his Diotima really seems to have been without limits. She carried away with her, moreover, two young children, a boy and a girl—"Mitri" and "Mimi," whom she resolved it should be the one main business of her life to educate, enriching her own mind for that purpose with learning of every sort, and exacting from them a degree of application proportionate to her own.

Her uncongenial but indulgent husband seems to have allowed her free control over her actions; and her first idea was to settle at Geneva, in a house belonging to him on the banks of the lake. But it so happened that the first stage of her intended journey thither led her to the capital of Westphalia, and she seized the opportunity to make acquaintance with the eminent statesman and philanthropist who then held office as Prime Minister for the Prince-Bishop of Münster and Cologne, and who had made his administration an envy and a model to neighbouring states, particularly in the matter of educational institutions. Fürstenberg was almost fifty years of age at this time—one of those Roman Catholic reformers of large soul and enlightened tolerance, who figured among the best class of political philosophers in the quarter of a century preceding the French Revolution. It was his fixed aim to counterwork the influence of the licentious opinions with which French philosophy was then inundating Europe; but this he did not by a bigoted course of repression,

but by encouraging to the utmost school-teaching under moral and religious, but at the same time liberal, conditions. Energetic and ardent, positive and dictatorial, Fürstenberg was the prince and leader among a number of able men assembled at this time at Münster, and comprising, more or less within the sphere of their influence, neighbouring coteries at Düsseldorf and Pempelfort. To the Princess Gallitzin his character seemed to supply that element of the heroic which had been wanting in the philosophic phlegm of Hemsterhuys. She threw herself under his influence at once, renounced her notion of settling at Geneva, and decided that Münster should be her home. Impulsive as she was, however, she showed what must be called a high-minded distrust of herself in one respect. Jealous lest her warm admiration of the Westphalian statesman should influence her to accept his religion on insufficient grounds, she laid it down as a condition of their social intercourse that he should not attempt her conversion. "The confidential intercourse I had had with many minds," she says of herself, "wrought in me the conviction that none really and truly believed in Christianity save the common people; for it seemed impossible that men could have faith in its threatenings and promises, and yet live so contrary to its doctrines as I saw to be the case with almost all." "I could not endure," so she told Fürstenberg, "that in matters concerning God, my mind should receive any impressions save what He himself should operate in me. I prayed for light, and would keep my heart open to welcome it." She was content, meanwhile, to regard Fürstenberg's faith as a prejudice of education, without allowing it, in the slightest degree, to abate her enthusiasm for "the great man," as she invariably called him. "He is so unaffectedly great," she says in one of her letters, "and with so much simple geniality, that three-fourths of mankind pass before him without perceiving his greatness or stopping to admire it. I might compare him to the immense dome of St. Peter's at Rome. All who have seen that stupendous object tell me that the first impression is of surprise at not being more struck by its immensity—an effect due to the exquisite harmony of its proportions." It is amusing to read after-entries in her diary, when another star had risen on her horizon, and she was capable of seeing Fürstenberg's little defects as well as his eminent virtues.

On settling down at Münster, the Princess devoted herself eagerly to the work of educating her children. She strained their intellectual faculties to the utmost, keeping them at work many hours of the day, urging them continually to more zeal, scolding them vehemently, by her own confession, when they fell short of her requirements. She subjected them, at the same time, to the hardening practices brought into vogue by Rousseau, and set them a personal example of early rising, small eating, vigorous walking, and bathing and swimming in all weathers. The people of Münster stared at her ways of going on. Writing to Hemsterhuys in 1787, she says, "During the seven years I have been here, my reputation strangely varied. As for my religion, I have passed by turns for a

Greek, an Atheist, a Deist, a Christian, a Magician, of the fashionable sect so calling itself. As for my morals—a cynic, for the first and second year, because I swim, and make my children swim . . . a drastic disciplinarian afterwards, when our swimming had set an example which others followed. My sentiments for the great man (Fürstenberg) made people call me first a Platonist, and then a lunatic. In matter of philosophy, I was a Stoic, an Epicurean, a Leibnitzian, a Hemsterhuysian, -ian, -ian, -ian,—anything, everything; and as for my way of life, I was almost always set down as eccentric or as mad.”

Her practice was to spend her winters in the town of Münster and her summers at the neighbouring village of Angelmodde, where she hired some furnished rooms at a farmer's house, and received the friends who were wont to resort to her. Her husband and Hemsterhuys visited her for some weeks every year; and during their absence she kept up a correspondence with both of them. The conversations which the Dutch philosopher held with her as they paced the pathways of Angelmodde, were memorialized by him on his periodic returns to the Hague, and sent from thence in manuscript to the Princess for revision. Such, for instance, were the dialogues entitled, *Alexis: ou, sur l'Age d'Or*, and *Simon: ou, sur les Facultés de l'Ame*; both of which were subsequently translated into German by Jacobi. Prebendary Katercamp of Münster, who drew up a memoir of the Princess's life, deduces from these two dialogues an elaborate system of her opinions in education and in metaphysics.

Her letters written during the first three years of her residence at Münster show her incessant zeal for study. “I have already learnt to content myself with five hours of sleep,” she tells Hemsterhuys, “in September, 1779; and a month or two later she writes, “I read Diodorus Siculus two or three years ago with pleasure, but I was not then sufficiently advanced to read it with all the profit I might have done, and if you come to Münster I will go over it again with you most willingly. At present all my spare moments are taken up with mathematics, of which hitherto I have acquired nothing but the merest smattering; and for my children's sake, whose education gives the primary direction to all my studies, it is needful I should make sure my footing in this science, for which the place where I am affords certain advantages. Latin occupies me likewise; and I am beginning to spell out Horace, who enchants me.” Again, “I am busy reading Locke, and comparing him with Leibnitz, in order to familiarize myself with the [modern] German philosophy, which is founded in part on those two authors.”

To Fürstenberg she writes concerning her mathematical studies: “I have been able to appropriate and enjoy, without any indigestion, 17 per cent. of the Spherical Trigonometry. Only just as much again, and the business is done. It is really a shame that professors should make so much fuss about things. I believe they do it, like the Egyptian priests, in order to keep the public off their subjects, and reserve to themselves a special property in them.”

Such strenuous exertions were not long in provoking their Nemesis. The Princess had to endure the miseries of an overwrought brain. This evil is unconsciously hinted at in a note to Fürstenberg. "I am so dull, stupid, and knocked up with my exertions of yesterday, which I spent in dealing with the shadows of shadows, *i. e.* logic and metaphysics, that I must occupy myself to-day in simply doing nothing." Of this period of her life she afterwards took an elaborate review. We extract some passages :

"Fragment of May, 1789.

"When I made the attempt, at twenty-four years of age, to call out my as yet untried powers, and in perfect ignorance of all things to set forward on a road whose goal was to be nothing less than the sum of all the knowledge requisite for the instruction and training of my children, I believed myself to be simply courageous ; but in fact I very soon became proud ; for I came to rely upon my own strength, since God, taking compassion perhaps on my ignorance, allowed all that I undertook to prosper. . . . That I was really proud and ambitious, however, I was the longer in becoming aware of, because I was perfectly content with my solitude, avoided all external distractions, disapproved both of Hemsterhuys' overbearing pride in himself, and of his exaggerated estimate of my merits ; and finally, because my heart's affections seemed so decidedly to be the motive of my actions and desires, and the measure of my enjoyments, that I should scarcely have been willing to sacrifice one day of friendly confidence to the most brilliant glory. What first began to open my eyes to the truth concerning myself, was a gradual diminution of ease in the gratification of my boundless appetite for knowledge, as by the exhaustion of my too rashly employed powers my health began to fail. Finding now that I required more time to get through a less amount of work, I was forced unwillingly to leave my books, in order to give myself to the hours, once most delightful to me, set apart for the instruction of my children. Every new science, every language, or every book of which I heard, to whatever department it might belong, awoke in me, not as formerly, a mere desire or impulse, but a real hypochondriacal pain, a gnawing worm of discontent at my physical weakness, which appeared ever in the light of an obstacle to the satisfaction of my eager thirst for knowledge. So much did it prey upon me, that on the days when I felt at all better I would study with positive fury, but only to become more weak by reaction, till at length I fell into a state of chronic hypochondria, and knew scarcely a day's health up to the epoch of my dangerous illness. . . ."

That illness was a nervous fever, which prostrated her in March, 1783. Her life was despaired of. Fürstenberg sent his confessor to her bedside ; but, firm to her principle, she declined to accept, in a moment of danger and weakness, the offices of whose validity her unbiassed judgment was not convinced. The whole subject of religion, however, forced itself upon her in a manner not to be resisted in her waking thoughts and in her

nightly visions during the long, weary period of her convalescence. The sense of the nearness of God filled her with ineffable joy. She conceived an utter contempt of earthly things—a shame and dread of the ambition and pride which stood revealed to her as the motives of her conduct hitherto. She made a firm resolve to renounce all further search after learning, save what might be required for the training of her children. "It was some time," she says, "before I could bring myself to look tranquilly at my unused books, my unfinished writings; above all, to say to my learned friends, 'I don't know this,' or 'I have not read that.' But as the Christian life became more and more a necessity to me, I got to that point and farther; farther, indeed, than I had ever hoped to get." The method she had adopted with regard to her children's religious education helped to turn her mind towards Christianity. She wished them to be religious, yet could not bring herself to teach them dogmas she did not herself believe in. She, therefore, after some deliberation, resolved to make a study of the Bible in order to convey to their minds an historical knowledge of its contents, leaving special doctrine to their future choice when they should grow up. But broken health and closer acquaintance with the sacred pages brought the Gospel teaching home to her in an unexpected manner. "It comforted me so often," she said, "in my disordered, hypochondriacal state, from which every prop seemed to have been removed, that I determined to follow literally the touching injunction of Christ—only to follow His doctrine faithfully if we would make proof of its divine authority. I resolved I would act as if I entirely believed in Him." She then relates how her new plan of conduct opened her eyes to failings, both in herself and others, of which she had not thought before; how it drove her to have recourse to prayer as a necessity; how pride, and even, when regarded as an end and not as a means, love itself became grounds of suspicion to her. After her illness of 1788 followed three years of inward contemplation and much bodily weakness.

She celebrated her first communion, as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, in the course of the autumn of 1786, and became at once relieved of all her doubts and perplexities. The improvement in her health and spirits, she says, was such as to create the greatest surprise in her friends and children.

The Catholic society of Münster rejoiced in their convert. Fürstenberg had retired from the ministry in 1780, but retained his supervision of the educational institutes which he had set on foot, and continued to be the presiding spirit of the place. Prebendary Katercamp, professor of theology, with his three noble pupils of the house of Droste-Vischering—two of them afterwards bishops respectively of Münster and Cologne—Sprickmann, whom the Princess engaged as tutor for her children, Overberg, the pious and simple-minded schoolmaster, Kistemacher and others, were regular members of the coterie. At Pempelfort, near Düsseldorf, lived the mystic-rationalist philosopher, Jacobi; at or near Düsseldorf, also, Baron Buchholz—a strange religious visionary. These, and Hamann, the Königsberg

theological professor, called by Goethe "der Magus des Nordens," were frequent associates with the Münster circle, though they were not Romanists by creed. The Princess was in intimate relations with all of them. Hamann acted upon her like a spell. He succeeded, during the short time that their friendship lasted, to more than the influence of Fürstenberg over her mind. Hamann was unquestionably a very remarkable man. Goethe gives a detailed account of him in his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. He set himself strongly against the prevailing current of rationalism, and wrote a series of papers on religious subjects—"Sibylline leaves," Goethe calls them—which, though they seemed dark to the majority of readers, by their strange flashes of insight edified a few. Menzel, in his *History of German Literature*, pronounced them worthy of more attention than they had yet received. The Princess Gallitzin made his acquaintance in 1787; he was then fifty-seven years of age. In June of the following year he died at Münster, the Princess attending him in his dying hours. He was the truest Christian, she said, whom she had ever met. How he admired and loved her—the Christian Aspasia, as he calls her—his last letters to his daughter, written during the days of his decline, bear witness. He was very plain-spoken with her, however, and she rejoiced in his faithfulness.

In the review of her inner life to which we have before referred—written in May, 1789—the Princess relates that in the early days of her Christian conversion, she took pride in her conquest over former failings, but the subject of her self-satisfaction made her blind to the wrongness of the emotion. "At last," she says, "Hamann came, and he showed me the heaven of true humility and devotion—a childlike temper towards God. He inspired me more than any thing or person I had yet seen with enthusiasm for the religion of Christ, inasmuch as he presented to me in himself the image of the true Christian in its most exalted aspect. To him alone, up to that time, was it given to remove the thickest film from my eyes—he alone indeed perceived the film that lay on them. All my other friends, Fürstenberg not excepted, had regarded my ardent desire of perfection as in itself a most estimable—nay, most beautiful—trait of character. And so, far from seeing any evil in it, this constant impulse had become the pillow of my soul in moments of despondency. But Hamann saw pride in it, and told me so. He tore the very skin from my bones with this declaration; it seemed to me as if the only crutch for my lameness was taken from me; but I loved and honoured him too deeply not to let his declaration sink into my soul." That Hamann was a Protestant and the Princess a Catholic, made no difference in the closeness of their spiritual relations. When he died, she conceived the extraordinary idea of having him buried in her garden, in order that the holy influences of his memory might dwell the more with her and her children. She obtained the consent of the authorities, not without difficulty; and then she and Fürstenberg performed the interment ceremony after a fashion of their own. The transaction excited the criticism

of the Münster gossips. It was averred that the transcendental lady and the eccentric statesman had masked themselves, executed strange evolutions, and covered the body with alternate layers of earth and roses. The Princess speaks of these reports afterwards in her diary with some vexation. She could not easily recover from the impression of the good man's last hours, or from the blank his departure had left in her spiritual affections. She relates how Hemsterhuys came to visit her a few days afterwards, and how vapid his Greek heroics seemed to her. She felt as if his society was disturbing her from the cherished thought of Hamann, and revolted against the philosophical commonplaces with which he met her constantly recurring mention of her loss. However, her tenderness towards this old friend and admirer was soon revived by a dangerous illness which befell him on this same visit. She had to watch by his sick-bed as she had watched by that of Hamann's not many days before, and received what he thought to be his dying endearments. She relates that he threw his arms round her, exclaiming, "How dear you are to me . . . There is no suffering in this. All is happiness." Hemsterhuys recovered, however, thanks to her unremitting care, and early in September returned to the Hague, where he survived for two years, but never to see his Diotima again.

The Princess was one to whom religious monition was a necessity. Having lost Hamann, she turned to the pious Overberg, now an honorary prebendary of Münster, and begged him to undertake the office of her spiritual adviser and confessor. Katercamp, who narrates the transaction, and gives the Princess's letter at length, thinks it necessary, with true German sturdiness, to apologize for such apparent subserviency of conscience on her part, and instances the relations of St. Vincent de Paul to Madame de Gondî, of Fénélon to Madame de Guyon, and similar cases as justifying it. He insists that the vigour and independence of the Princess's character were in no way impaired by her submission to a spiritual director; that she remained, as ever, in the estimation of all who knew her, the most remarkable of women for the force and brightness of her mind, and for her union of masculine culture with feminine attractiveness. Overberg, a man of very simple and childlike character, maintained his spiritual relation to her to the end of her life, but never attempted to strain his privileges.

The Princess was wont to diversify her residence at Münster with journeys and visits. Sometimes she would drive to Pempelfort, and discuss questions of creed or philosophy with Jacobi. Occasionally she visited Weimar, to which place she would move amid a caravan of her Münster associates. The tutor Sprickmann and her children, Fürstenberg and Hemsterhuys, were with her there in the autumn of 1785, and excited no small comment among the inhabitants. Caroline Herder thus describes them:—"I have never met with a woman of such strong character as the Princess Gallitzin; and she looks round, with her dark blue glowing eyes so full of love, that we have conceived quite an affection

for her. Fürstenberg is a person of great understanding, a lively man of the world, and a cheerful philosopher. Hemsterhuys knows an infinity of things, and is such a gentle, modest, young-old man, that we have taken a special fancy for him. Sprickmann is a true honest German soul. They stayed here eight days, and left behind them a favourable impression of their worth and elevation of character." Goethe also speaks of this visit, and pronounces them to be "very interesting people." He had various talks with them on religious and philosophical subjects, but he did not this time hit their cue, and was silenced by them for remarks that savoured too much of blasphemy.

In 1793 the Princess made a tour, on account of her health, to Hamburg and Holstein, and passed a time of great edification with the Lutheran family of Claudius, whose daughter Caroline, afterwards married to Perthès, conceived for her an enthusiastic attachment, which lasted till the Princess's death. The Princess attended Caroline's marriage, and had no sectarian scruple against standing godmother to her eldest child. "No one ever made so deep and so lasting an impression on me," said Caroline Perthès, several years afterwards, when she heard of her elder friend's fatal illness. "From the first moment of our meeting she has been, I may say, my guide to God."

From Wandsbeck, in 1793, the Princess went to Eutin, and there formed that acquaintance with Count F. L. Stolberg and his wife, which ripened into one of the many influencing friendships of her life. Her epistolary correspondence with Count Stolberg took the place, in frequency and fullness, of that which she had formerly kept up with Hemsterhuys. The mantle of reverence for Diotima seems fully to have fallen on Stolberg's shoulders.

Goethe was at Münster in November, 1792, on his return from the campaign in France. The Princess gave him a cordial reception in her own house. The poet comported himself more circumspectly than on a former occasion. "I was aware," he says, "that I was coming into a serious society, and I behaved myself accordingly." It was Goethe's usual practice, indeed, as we know, to lay himself open to all impressions. He loved to indulge his imaginative sympathies, whether with the passions of worldlings, or with the spiritualities of the devout. For the Münster circle he had a true respect. He says that the course of daily life, as he witnessed it in the Princess's house, struck him as a happily chosen middle state between the present and the future world. He beheld the constant practice of a beneficent charity; a mild but serious asceticism; time spent alternately in devotion and in doing good to others; moderation in the good things of life; simplicity in household arrangements; an appearance of plainness, and even poverty, in the furniture and appointments. Prince Gallitzin, as we learn from other sources, furnished his exalted wife with very liberal supplies of money; but it was her pleasure to spend it almost all in works of charity. She pressed on Goethe's acceptance a valuable collection of engraved antique stones, which Hemsterhuys had bequeathed to her.

He refused at first, but just before his departure she reiterated her request so earnestly, that he could no longer withstand it. The treasures, enclosed in a small chest, and catalogued, were placed in his hands. "And so we bade each other heartily farewell," writes Goethe; "but yet we did not part immediately. The Princess told me she meant to accompany me to the end of the first stage, and took her place beside me in my carriage, her own following. Once more we went over, in our talk, the most solemn points of life and doctrine. I reiterated, calmly and mildly, my usual *credo*: she persisted in hers. And then we took our several ways to our destinations; she with the parting wish that in another world, if not in this, we might meet again." They did meet again, however, not long afterwards. In 1795 she had left Münster for a while in consequence of the war, and was at Weimar. The occasion proved favourable for clearing up some misunderstanding which Jacobi had brought to pass between them. "Had not the Princess been so true of nature," says Goethe, "an irreparable alienation might have taken place." "Her character, great in itself, and strengthened by religion, maintained its uprightness; a tranquil activity accompanied all her movements; thus she preserved relations of goodwill with me, and I rejoiced, in those times of confusion, to be able to set some good on foot, in conformity with her suggestions."

In 1800 the Stolbergs came to Münster, and took up their residence there. The Count's opinions had long tended towards Romanism, and the influence of the Princess Gallitzin completed his conversion. But his Romanism ever remained the mild, tolerant Romanism of the Münster circle. He changed his church rather than his faith, Perthes says, and was wont to declare, he would never raise a finger against the person of Luther. The Princess rejoiced in welcoming this illustrious addition to the chosen coterie with which she passed her days. Katercamp says that Stolberg's influence promoted growth of the spiritual life among the upper classes of society, as the influence of Overberg did in the middle and lower classes. The Princess's heart was open to all. She welded and fused the different theosophic elements around her, (not always without their jarring angularities,) and was as the gracious sunshine to all alike. In liberality of heart, that beautiful feature of the pietism which flourished in the closing decades of the eighteenth century, she equalled all her friends and contemporaries—nay, excelled most. Female pietism, at any rate, is not wont to express such tolerant views as we shall quote from some of the Princess's papers:—

"20th February, 1787.

"Jacobi travelled with me. We discoursed on the way, of religion. I asked him how matters now stood with him in this respect. He replied that he felt it as difficult to believe in the Christian religion as not to believe in it. Thinking it might possibly help him in this state of doubt, I told him how I had attained to faith through observance of the precept of Christ—'Do my will, and ye shall know the doctrine whether it be of God.'"

"Schnösenberg related to me yesterday several things which gave me a very favourable impression of his entire convent (of Observantine Friars). He has in the school twelve young students, all very good and diligent. The Bible, even Luther's Bible, is in the hands of each. There is one old man in the convent who is very angry with them all because they doubt the Pope's infallibility, and have no scruple in reading books written by Protestants. I rejoiced inwardly, thinking of Fürstenberg, that a light seemed to have arisen for pure religion in Münster, and must needs spread farther."

Buchholz asks her whether she was not in the habit of looking at men as inseparable from their opinions. "I replied no; that I judged men simply according to the character of their *will*: if that was good, and entirely directed to the effort for substantial improvement, then a man's opinions could not make the smallest difference in my judgment of him, or in my regard for him, let him be a Catholic, a Lutheran, a Mahometan, an Idealist, or Realist, a Stoic or an Epicurean."

She writes thus, August 26, 1786, of the death of Frederick the Great:—"The news of Frederick's death struck me to such a degree that I became at once cold all over. He was ever *the greatest King of our times*, and it is as though a hole were made in the world, when a great man, of whatever sort or kind, is taken from it. When I considered in my mind his one effort, constant to the end, to fulfil his own kingly duties according to his own best insight, without murmur or complaint, without any sparing of himself, I felt that from such a point of view it could not go otherwise than well with this man in the world beyond. For let his errors be great, and errors they were, no doubt, still it must be remembered that he was a king. Ah! unlimited power is a dangerous, slippery pathway; and I have long been wont to pray for kings and great men more earnestly than for ordinary mortals whose temptations are incomparably less than theirs."

One of her most remarkable utterances is a long letter, written to Hemsterhuys in 1787, soon after her "conversion," from which we can only afford a few extracts:—"You often speak to me of your advanced years, dear Socrates, and—I must needs confess to you all my weakness—that gives me pain. The idea of the difference of our ages has troubled me at all times; far from familiarizing myself with it, it has grown insupportable to me in cubic proportion to them:—the only counterpoise was, once, my weak health; and as that is stronger this winter,—would you believe it?—the thought of difference of age relatively to you and the great man (Fürstenberg) has regained a force which I can with difficulty master; and truly I think it will cure me of all complaints in future about my maladies. . . . You have known, dear Socrates, my monstrous sensibility, and how it was at all times the source of my failings,—of my injustices, partialities, inequalities, anger: it was the cause why I scarcely ever knew, save momentarily, and to experience more surely the torments of Tantalus, that peace and inward repose which are the indispensable basis

of all greatness and all happiness. . . . The epoch which brought me to the term of my transformation—a holy and sacred epoch which I shall never forget, owing to it, as I do, new and important sensations, which I should never have attained without it, and an entire change in the tendency of my forces and desires, revealed to me with indescribable clearness a new light. I *felt* in a word (for the details are not matter for a letter) that the happiness to which every wise man should aspire while he is in this sublunary state of being, consists solely in placing his will in conformity with God's will, in *loving* that will; or, in other words, in being satisfied with things as they are." Then, after detailing the mental processes by which she seeks to govern her sensibilities: "I have succeeded, by faithful and exact obedience to my principles, in securing possession of that so much desired inward peace, seeking to limit my emotions solely to the actual moment, according to the deep utterance of the most beautiful of prayers, 'Give me *this day* our daily bread.' But it is not without labour and sweat, without constant attention, that I preserve that precious boon, the source of so many others. Adieu, dearest Socrates. Let not my follies and weaknesses weary out your power of loving me. Let us not quit each other (whichever has to depart first) without having made progress in this matter as in others, so that our mutual love may continue through all eternity, and that in this assurance the survivor may be able to take refuge as behind an impenetrable ægis, against that most formidable of enemies the solitude of bereaved affection."

"Mitri," or Demetrius, the Princess's son, with his father's consent, was sent by her to America in 1792, in order to give him two years of study and travel before he should enter on the military course of life, which was the regulation destiny of a young Russian nobleman. When at Baltimore, however, the youth, whose mind had been strongly impregnated with his mother's pietistic notions, without ever sharing her natural force and vigour, came wholly under the influence of the Jesuits, and he renounced all his European prospects to live and die a missionary in the Western Continent. Even at his father's death, in 1803, when the Princess laid before him the desirableness, in a worldly point of view, of coming back to claim his legal rights of succession, he refused. The Princess could not withhold her approval from his motives: but the decisive separation cost her dear. Her letters to Mitri, "the most tenderly loved son of my heart," overflow with affection and longing, and are most touching in the humility with which she entreates his forgiveness for all her shortcomings towards him. Her daughter, "Mimi" (Maryanne), grew up and married; but she was plain and insignificant in person, and inherited none of her mother's attractions.

Prince Gallitzin's death took place suddenly at Brunswick, on March 6, 1803. It preceded that of his wife by three years only. Her health had long been broken by sciatica and other ailments. On March 2, 1806, she took to her bed, never to rise again. Overberg watched over

her to the last; and she was carefully tended by her daughter and a niece. The sufferings of her last days were great. She bore them all with the most pious resignation. She expired in the act of receiving the holy communion, on Sunday the 27th of April. Her body was laid out for view, and was visited by an immense number of mourning friends, both high and low. The poor felt that they had lost a mother in her.

When all was over the Countess von Stolberg invited Overberg to take up his residence for a while in her family circle. He could not make up his mind to the effort. "She was daughter, sister, mother, friend to me," he said, in declining the proposal, "and my heart is too weak, as yet, to bear seeing her place empty in the friendly circle to which I was wont to accompany her."

The Princess's character is portrayed to us not only in the eulogiums of her friends, but also in her diary, letters, and religious meditations, some of which are incorporated in the work of Katercamp, *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben der Fürstin Gallitzin*, &c., Münster, 1839; and some in a *Selection* published at Stuttgart in 1868. They display considerable power of analysis, acute observation of character, and much force and beauty of expression. One of her letters to her son, written in 1795—on the effect of the revolutionary horrors of the times, in bringing home to the mind the instability of all things earthly—reminds us forcibly of the concluding lines of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, which was, in fact, composed very shortly afterwards.

Katercamp's book has on its title-page, as a vignette, the device of a butterfly issuing from a chrysalis-skin. It was one chosen by the Princess, and designed by Hemsterhuys, for her seal, as being her favourite symbol of the birth of divine love in the soul of man, and its ultimate expansion in the world to come. The following is her own "meditation" on the subject, slightly condensed:—"The point of time when true love is born within a human being (*such* a love as I have in my contemplation,) is for the soul like that moment when the, as yet, buried and imperfect butterfly emerges from the apparent death of the chrysalis—when the sun, in its gradual approach, warms the husk with its spring-tide ray, and the creature within, half-grub, half-butterfly, feels its wings germinate, becomes conscious of the intervening obstacle, struggles upwards, longing for union with the glorious vivifying influence above—finally bursts the husk. And then the butterfly is perfect. He flies away, and leaves his caterpillar skin, without casting on it one backward look, to the earth which bore it."

Dravidian Folk-Songs.

To the majority of English readers "Dravidian" will be a new name. Yet it belongs to some twenty millions, nay, nearly thirty millions, of prosperous cousins and fellow-subjects of ours. They are a group of closely-related nations who have been recently discovered to be also closely related to John Bull and his many descendants. The second city in her Majesty's dominions, in point of population, is a Dravidian city, and is supposed to contain some 700,000 souls. The city is Madras; the people occupy the southern portion of the peninsula of India, extending from Cuttack and Juggernaut, of famine and religious celebrity, to that Cape Comorin which was for so many ages the goal of European navigators. The nations forming the Dravidian race speak languages known as Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malagalam—tongues of which competition-wallahs talk glibly, but of which the ordinary Briton has never heard, except, perhaps, from some missionary platform or charity-serving pulpit. In early Sanscrit literature the people were called Dravidas, and were said to be degenerate Kshatryas, members of the second or soldier caste; so that their relationship to the Sanscrit-speaking people was fully admitted. Men like Sir W. Jones, Dr. Carey, Sir Charles Wilkins, and others who flourished fifty years ago, followed this lead, and classed the Dravidas among Aryan nations. Then another school grew up, headed by that eminent and devoted missionary, Dr. Caldwell, who asserted that the Dravidas were a Turanian people, an offshoot of the Finnish tribes, and condemned them to banishment from the great Aryan family. This theory was started because it seemed clear that the Dravidian tongues were not derived from Sanscrit, and if not, they could only be accounted for as a far-journeyed colony of Seythians, who, in some lucky moment, had been able to overpass the Aryan barrier, which, resting on the precipices and more than Russian cold of the Hindu Koosh, has in all other instances repelled Turanian attacks. This theory found wide acceptance because it seemed utterly incredible that any nation could be found in South India related to, but not descended from, the Vedic heroes and priests. It shut up the doors of sympathy and fellow-feeling between the Dravidian peoples and their English conquerors, and relegated the former to that particular human race which is lowest in the scale of morality, and therefore farthest from their Aryan fellow-subjects. The science of language, which seems to have sprung into the world like Minerva, fully grown and armed, has during the past few years thrown vast light upon this dark subject. It proves by irrefragable evidence—drawn from those unconscious but most truthful witnesses, grammar and vocabulary—that

both Wilkins and Caldwell were wrong. The application of the famous laws so firmly established by Grümme and Bopp proves beyond doubt that Wilkins and Carey were in error in supposing that Tamil is derived from Sanscrit, and that Caldwell and Rask were equally wide of the mark in asserting that it is Scythic or Turanian. It becomes clear that the Dravidians represent lineally an offshoot from the great parent stock which left the fatherland long before Sanscrit was grown into vigour, and about the same period that the Teutonic wave flowed northwards into Europe. There is scarcely a Dravidian root which does not appear in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, or Icelandic. The grammatical forms follow the same rule, and Tamil and Telugu possess at the present day the complete verb which has left such traces in our language as *are*, *art*, and *were*.

This most interesting discovery impels us to ask a host of questions of the stranger. If the Dravidas are such near cousins, we wish to know how they think with regard to morality, to religion, to domestic life. Are they fit for the high privilege we cannot deny them? We have been looking round for the best means of answering such queries, and are fortunately reminded of the old saying that their proverbs and folk-songs are the best evidences of the inner life and thought of peoples. What, then, are the folk-songs of the Dravidas? First they are— But no, they shall describe themselves, and we will plunge in *medias res*, by quoting some that refer to death, a subject which forms a very fair test both of poetic feeling and moral depth.

THE NEARNESS OF DEATH.

I.

"Oh, what is food to me! Death stands so near!
Morn, noon, and night his angels cause me fear.
In one short day they snatched, as past they ran,
My friend, my foe, the young, the grey-haired man.
Their wealth doth stay behind, although so dear.
There is no joy for me. My life is dear."

Chorus. How near is death! Mercy he cannot bring.

Then, oh my heart, cease from the world and cling
With all thy power to tender Lakshmi's king.

II.

"Two days ago that marriage feast was mine,
And only yesterday I bought milch kine
Wherewith to start my modest home. My field
Is bright with corn. With gold my coffers yield.
I cannot die!"—While yet thou speakest, fool,
Dread Yama's step comes near. Farewell, vile soul.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

III.

"My house is newly built. E'en now they say
The muttered charms that, finished, drive away
All evils from my home. My wife is great
With child. The day that weds my son we wait.
Life is so good, I cannot, will not die."
Vain fool, death's hand doth shade thy dark'ning eye.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

IV.

"To-day the milk boils with the rice. We feast
The birthday of our son. The next bright east
Will see the sacred thread by priests thrown o'er
The shoulders of my heir." Oh, trouble sore!
Thou say'st, "Thou canst not die." Close at thy back
He stands and laughs, and fears not to attack.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

V.

He will not give you time. You may not eat
The rice that now stands cooked. Your eager feet
May bring no helping friend. Accounts must stay
Unpaid. In short, my friend, you must obey
When death doth call. Oh heart, my trembling heart,
Think well on Vishnu's feet. From Him ne'er part.

Chorus. How near is death, &c.

The next is on the same subject, but starts from a less serious standpoint. It is easy to see others groan when death is near, but very very hard when the cold hand is upon ourselves. The song just quoted is a sort of dialogue winding up with a moral, and each of the first four verses represents a different person, of whom one clings to his wealth, another to his family, and a third to his business. That which follows is the utterance of one who sees his neighbour writhing; probably of some poor debtor who thinks it pleasant to see his stern creditor brought up sharp by a sterner bailiff than ever dodged the poor poet. Yama is the God of Death, and Purandala is a common Canarese name for Vishnu.

The following is a literal translation, as indeed they all are, and exhibits not only the utterance but the form of the original.

DEATH.

I.

He will not give you time to eat cooked rice,
Nor dun the gull whose note you've filed.
No jewels from the box may make you nice,
For Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love your body, trust it not;
But strive to gain due merit for thy lot.
Thy lusty strength will not avail one jot.

II.

You wish to call your sister to your side,
And bid farewell to wife and child—
To shed salt tears for facts from dreams so wide?
But Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

III.

You cry that friends must not be left so soon—
That pulse and ghee to priests you'll send—
The marriage of your son waits but new moon.
Yet Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

IV.

Your house is high—it seems the skies to touch—
 Your purse is full, you ought to spend ;
 Your elephants and men want watching much.
 Still Yama gives no time.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

V.

Your strength, you think, will ever stand your part,
 Yet worse than useless will it prove.
 Let Parandala see a loving heart—
 Then Yama brings no fear.

Chorus. Although you love, &c.

The labour of collection and translation has been robbed of much of the pleasure that might otherwise have accompanied it by the almost uniform sadness which pervades every song that we discover. The observant reader will have noticed, even in those last quoted, a strong vein of melancholy at the apparent uselessness of life. In those that follow, it will be plainer. The Hindu mind in Southern India has been for ages struggling against two evils—the utter emptiness and vice of the popular superstition, and the equally utter coldness and far-off-ness, if we may coin the word, of the deity to whom the philosophy of the educated points. There is no medium, or, at all events, none that the common mind can grasp, between abstract pantheism and an incredibly gross and outrageously licentious mass of legends which goes by the name of Brahmanism. Yet as a people the Dravidas are remarkably moral. Within their nature is such an instinct towards good as may be expected in so early a branch from the great Aryan stock. The Brahman invasion and supremacy has robbed them of what they had, and given nothing but a whited sepulchre in return. In this sepulchre evil is called good ; paltry offerings to some hideous image are counted sufficient atonement for the vilest sin. The hideous image is beauty itself, for it is at least good brass or wood or stone, compared to the mental image it is supposed to represent. What else could happen but that which has happened—the inner self of every decent man revolts against his outer self ? The body is vile and sinful ; a hindrance rather than a help. The world is a delusion, a thing to be left behind as a snare or poison. Men swim in a boundless sea of sin, of empty baubles, of bitter powerful temptations. God is afar off. He may, perhaps, help some, but he is on the other side of the sea. He who would reach the divine feet must bare his breast to combat wind and wave. If he be strong, the buffeting is almost more than he can bear. If he reach the other side at all, it is with limbs broken, heaving chest, and wandering senses. If it be so with the strong, what chance have the weak ? How can the ignorant hope to cross ? The man whose time must be devoted to the support of his family ? In a large collection of folk-songs from all the chief Dravidian languages, not one may be called immoral, not one cheerful. Of course there are a host of expressions that

we should call improper, and that would make a boarding-school mistress faint with alarm, but they are no more immoral than that Queen Elizabeth should have beefsteaks and beer for breakfast. It is improper to call a spade a spade in the hearing of one who would speak of it as an instrument of cultivation. But ordinary care in the translator can always produce renderings that shall be both accurate and suited for ears polite, and no reader need fear the following

CRY FOR HELP.

I.

How many births are past, I cannot tell,
 How many yet may be, no man may say;
 But this alone I know, and know full well,—
 That trouble sore embitters all the way.
 Its weight is more than I can bear, but thou,
 Great God, who once didst bless e'en Ibharaj,
 Of elephants the king, canst help me now?
 Be pleased to grant my prayer—my soul enlarge.
Chorus. O Vishnu, help! Great Vishnu, save
 A wretched soul like mine!
 Thou holdest up the earth and wave,
 Oh, send thy help in time!

II.

Great Lord, my boyish years were one long pain,
 Although they seemed to pass in play. For play
 Is nought but pain, in that it brings disdain
 Of God and holy things. This very day,
 O happy Narasimha, hear my prayer,
 And freely, from thy heart, on me bestow
 The help that now to crave I humbly dare.
 Oh, help and save before from life I go.
Chorus. O Vishnu, help, &c.

III.

But now, in age and feebleness extreme,
 Distress and pain are harder still to bear.
 I cannot bear such woe! For, like a stream,
 It surges overhead. Dost thou not care,
 Purandala Vithala, in whose eye
 All men are one and equal? On thy throne,
 O king of birds, how swiftly dost thou fly!
 List, hear with joy, and take me for thy own.
Chorus. O Vishnu, help, &c.

The next song is very popular, and again reveals no small evidence of humour. Life is a bad matter anyhow, but let us get some good even out of its worst aspect, so in every village men sing,—

HOW TO CROSS THE SEA OF SIN.

I.

Our life is but a sea of sorrow:
 This comes, that goes—the old, old way.
 No joy will last beyond to-morrow;
 E'en grief and pain they will not stay.

Why should we run such things to meet,
Or set our hearts on things so fleet ?
One thing alone is worth a nod—
To touch the heart of Lakshmi's God.

Chorus. O sons of mine, how shall we swim
The dreadful sea of sin ?
O sons, shout loud "Narāyana,"
Lakshmi's king, my sons, Narāyana !

II.

Don't be too fond of wife and girls,
Or laugh because your sons are three,
For when grim death his life-wheel twirls
The stern demand will come for thee.
Of Maya never be the slave,
Else thou wilt not the death-god brave.
Adore, serve him who sleeps on sea,
And endless bliss thy lot shall be.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

III.

Some play at dice and some at chess.
Some plague the wife and she plagues some ;
Some with great wealth their souls would bless :
To one sure end they all will come.
The infernal king will catch them all
Who Vishnu's name forget to bawl.
In Narasimha's lovely face
Lay all your hopes of future grace.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

IV.

The strength obtained through food will fail,
So will the gold which fills thy purse.
The glories of your house may pale,
Your lofty fort may prove a curse.
Not one of these will serve you well
To fight against the king of hell.
Then, sons of mine, your voices raise
In world-renowned Vishnu's praise.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

V.

In pride or strength, in hate or love,
In wealth or goods put not your trust.
Embrace the feet of God above,
Or else your hopes will come to dust.
Long thought on God will steel the mind
Against distress which others feel.
But lest remorse thy soul should bind
To glorious Vishnu ever kneel.

Chorus. O sons of mine, &c.

We conclude this set with two other songs in which the peculiar style of thought is matched by the mode of the versification. We wonder whether any other nation ever found pleasure in thus rhyming its own miseries ? It must not be supposed that because the poet places his

agonies in a somewhat ludicrous light, that they are any the less real writhings. A long and intimate intercourse with the people themselves has made it very clear that we have in these lyrics the real and true expression of an almost universal feeling. The heart is sad, but then life is pleasant, and even the mournful widow may be made to smile by the antics of an orphan child, whose merriment at such a time is after all the deepest sorrow.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD.

I.

If thou shouldst have a wife,
 Trouble is thine.
 If none should bless your life,
 Trouble is thine.
 If neither wise nor witty,
 Sorrow will come :
 Still more if she be pretty,
 Sorrow will come.
 For then, all guarding vain,
 Sore trouble this.
 She brings unmeasured pain,
 Sore trouble this.

Chorus. Never, O my soul, can peace be
 thine,
 Until great Runga's grace be
 mine.
 If angry he, all hope resign.

II.

If children come to thee,
 Mourning comes too.
 But if no heir should be,
 Mourning comes too.
 With earning wealth and power
 Pain fills the cup.
 But when the wretched poor —
 Pain fills the cup.

Complains he has not rice—

 'Tis hard to bear.

Wherewith to sacrifice—

 'Tis hard to bear.

No, sorrow, pain, or care,

 E'en sorrow deep.

Can be so hard to bear,

 E'en sorrow deep.

Chorus. Never, O my soul, &c.

III.

When men are sick and poor,

 Sorrow enters.

Though wealth should bar the door,

 Sorrow enters.

If gained by strength and care—

 Pain is in store.

Great hoards the shelves should bear,

 Pain is in store.

But if each day you pray,

 No sorrow comes.

To him who hears always—

 No sorrow comes.

The excellent Vishnu—

 Your joy is great.

Great peace will dwell in you,

 Your joy is great.

Chorus. Never, O my soul, &c.

The deity mentioned in all the songs is Vishnu, the second member of the Hindu triad. He is known by many names, as Narasimha, Runga, "the disk of the sun," &c. The last song that need be quoted is entitled "The Painful Servant," and vividly portrays the fact that every earthly blessing brings pain and sorrow with it, while every earthly evil is but a faint foretaste of the worse things that await the soul in the unseen world:—

THE PAINFUL SERVANT.

I.

Some pains may not be seen,
 They show no wound I ween—
 A manly face they seem.
 O fearful pain!
 No woman some hath wrought,

Some come from want of thought,

A few go soon as brought.

 Such pains are mine!

Chorus. O dreadful pain! I can't bear
 pain!

In mercy, Vishnu, save me!

II.

My stomach gives me pain,
Bad friends bring it like rain,
Deep trouble leaves the stain.

O cruel pain !

Great pain may come from friend,
Abuse no balm can mend,
Bad men my heart do rend.

Such pains are mine !

Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

III.

What pain comes to the poor !
Breachd promise addeth more,
To rule one's self is sore.

O biting pain !

Earth's pains I cannot bear,
More still await me *there*,
Foreboding bringeth care.

Such pains are mine.

Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

IV.

To be or not to be,
To see and not to see,
Are troubles sore to me.

O burning pain !

O Vishnu, let me know
Why pain doth plague me so
And joy so soon doth go.

Hear my prayer !

Chorus. O dreadful pain, &c.

We now turn to another class of song—a very popular series. Though no language is too strong to express hatred of cant, it is remarkable that there is no word in any lyric that can be construed into libertinism. It has never been my lot to read any folk-songs in other tongues which are so uniformly pure in thought, and it might well be added, with regard to many, so clear in moral duty. The very first idea that will arise, especially when we come to the Adwaita lyrics, is one of doubt whether the songs are really popular and pertaining to folk-lore. On this point it is well to be distinct, and state that no one will be quoted which does not pass from mouth to mouth, and has not been gathered from the roadside or temple gate. Some of those we give were collected and printed in the Canarese character by a German missionary a few years back; otherwise it is not known that they have ever been printed, even by the natives of the country. They are the property of a minstrel caste, known in Tamil as the Satani, in Telugu as the Chatali, and in Canarese as the Dasara. They are handed down from generation to generation entirely *virâ voce*, and from the minstrels have passed into public use. No sight is more pleasant or more common, in a Canarese village especially, than to see, as the sun sets, some wandering minstrel enter the village and make his way to the pial or verandah of the headman's house, or, more often, to the pillared mandapam or entrance-hall of the village temple. As he goes he begs from house to house, announcing in each that he is about to sing. Perhaps he has with him a young disciple who will accompany his song upon the flute or guitar. As the shades grow strong the whole village assembles, squatting on the ground around the singer. Then taking his guitar, or viana, as it is called, he trolls out the first verse of his lyric. If it be an old favourite, the chorus is taken up by the crowd and swells on the evening breeze. If not, they listen for a few verses, and then gradually pick up the refrain. Song after song is given. Between each the singer holds forth a large shell, tapping it with an iron or stone disk so as to draw attention to his claims. Pice (half-farthings) rain into the receptacle and afford encouragement sufficient for another lay. Thus are

the songs approved, and by this test do they live or die. Most of those quoted are usually supposed to have come from remote antiquity, and even the authors' names have passed away. But it is apparent that new songs must be constantly tried. If they match the popular mind they live, because they draw the pice. If not, they die. The key-note of them all has been shown to lie in the national character, and this to be the result of the circumstances of the people. Another proof of the essentially popular character of the songs is very marked in the group we proceed to quote. They may be entitled *Proverbial Philosophy*, but so far exceed Tupper in that the proverbs are current. They consist of strings of proverbs, real living proverbs. Now either the proverbs have come from the songs or the songs from the proverbs. In the former case no further evidence of popular acceptance is required. In the latter it is clear that there can be no essential difference in thought or feeling. But an Englishman cannot comprehend the absolute devotion of the Dravidian peoples to proverbs. The Rev. P. Percival is now printing a collection of 6,000 proverbs in daily use, and the store is by no means exhausted. The man in his business, the woman in her household, cannot speak five sentences without quoting a proverb. If a simple question be asked, the answer is a bare proverb. If a teacher reproves a pupil, it is by hurling a proverb at him. The humble expression of repentance is another adage. In the following pieces each couplet is a complete proverb. The adaptation is rendered easy by the fact that nine-tenths of the proverbs are in metrical form. It will be noticed how quaint are the references to social customs, how vigorous the denunciations of sin, especially of hypocrisy.

The next is a chaplet of more homely proverbs, though, as with almost all, it ends with a moral bearing on some great point of personal religion:—

WHAT MATTERS IT?

I.

What if the food a man doth hate
Hang high as waving palms?
Or that the house be wide and great
When the master gives no alms?
What can it be to you who wait
If office fall to fools?
Or if the bitch beside your gate
Have milk for all she rules?

Chorus. If earth be full of precious things
But none may come your way,
What matters it?
If when the goat his capers flings,
His throat-tits dance so gay?
What matters it?

II.

What use is handsome face and eyes
To surly son and heir?

Or all the beauty of the skies
To spiteful sharp "grey-mare?"
What good or gain in brother lies
If wrathful man he be?
What benefit can e'er arise
If pariah feast one see?
Chorus. If earth be full, &c.

III.

Why ask the way to here or there
If that be not thy road?
Or heap up gold and jewels rare—
A useless worthless load—
To him who offers not a prayer
And dares a saint despise?
For neither rich nor pure can bear
God's wrath 'gainst them to rise.
Chorus. If earth be full, &c.

WEALTH.

I.

What fills the house with children good
And gives the taste of sweets and ghee ?
What saves from duns and bailiffs rude,
And without which life cannot be ?

Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus. See, sister mine, the sorrows deep
That hide in wealth's great heap.
Two sorrows dire great wealth must reap.

II.

What makes relations' need forgot,
But saves in danger from the foe ?
What teaches men to tie a knot
And hate all change as fraught with woe ?

Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

III.

What makes the foolish wise again
And makes to pass alloyed rupees ?
What sweeter than the sugar-cane,
And if it fly leaves little ease ?

Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

IV.

What hides a bad repute, and brings
A crowd of servant-courtiers gay ?
What loads with pearls and golden rings,
And stays sore trouble on its way ?

Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

V.

What brings the learned at one's nod,
Yet drives real friends from board and hall ?
What causes men to turn from God—
The great Purandala Vithal ?

Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus. See, sister mine, &c.

The next is one of the most characteristic of the whole series, and will bear close consideration. It must be remembered that in all country towns no Pariah is allowed to occupy a dwelling within the walls. He must live in a separate village or parcherry about a mile away, and there herd in poverty and filth with his fellow-sufferers by the great law of caste :—

WHO IS A PARIAH ?

I.

Who guides not his life by the Shasters six
An outcaste will live and will die ;
Who hears not the story of Vishnu's tricks
An outcaste will live and will die.

The traitor whose cause with his king's dares mix
An outcaste will live and will die.

Who visits the house where the harlot sticks
Is outcaste complete in God's eye.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell without the gate,
Pollution 'tis to touch them ;
Tell me then, ye learned men,
Are none within its iron grate ?

II.

The man who his debts will not strive to pay,
A Pariah surely must be ;

And he who would walk in a wicked way,
A Pariah surely must be.

So he who a lie to his host will say,
A Pariah surely must be.

In him who his wife for advice will pray,
Most foolish of Pariahs see.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

III.

The man who is rich but his wealth gives not
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.

So he who would poison one's food, I wot,
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.

Who shuns not the hypocrite's fearful lot
Is worse than an outcaste indeed.

But he who would puff his good deeds one jot,
No outcaste so vile in his greed.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

IV.

The man who his promise forgets to keep,
In Pariah village should dwell.

Who sows not the good he desires to reap,
In Pariah village should dwell.

The man who can lie, yet at night can sleep,
In Pariah village should dwell.

Than he who in blood his right hand dare steep—
No Pariah blacker in hell.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

V.

Who keeps not the precept that well he knows,
Is outcaste complete before God.

On Lakshmi's great Lord who does not repose
Is outcaste complete before God.

Who, seeing his gurn, no praise bestows
Is outcaste complete before God.

But he who meets harlot "under the rose"
No outcaste so merits the rod.

Chorus. Pariahs dwell, &c.

Another important class of songs, if such they may be truly called, are stern protests against idolatry. This will come upon mosts folks with surprise. It is, however, but another phase of that reaction from the grovelling superstition of vulgar Brahmanism of which we have before spoken. It springs from that innate high morality which is so marked

a feature of the Dravidian character as represented by its middle classes. Repelled by the licence and rampant idolatry of the common worship, yet with nothing else to fall back upon, the thinking portion of the community have leaned, as it were, on a pure deism that is not easily distinguished from pantheism. The unity and purity of God are the attributes which they can most feel, as they are the farthest from the prevalent idolatry. Out of this deep requirement of the mind has sprung the great modern deistic school known as the Brahmo Somaj—an organization which has only been made possible by the spread of Western ideas. In South India the Brahmo Somaj is only now feeling its way, and does not greatly succeed. It has been made unnecessary by the fact that every thoughtful man has for centuries been an *Advaita*, that is, a deist. So wide has been this movement, that we are justified in accounting their shibboleths as folk-lore. The songs that we quote are very ancient, and most of them are ascribed to Tamil authors, such as Kapila, Sivavakyer, Auvæ, and others, who belong to the very earliest ages of Tamil literature. Yet they can scarcely be called songs or lyrics, for they rather represent the chain of Shakspeare's sonnets, each portion of twenty or thirty lines being complete in itself, but yet belonging to a series which alone is the complete work. Many of them purport to be translations from the Sanserit, but in almost every instance this is a pious fraud, due to the fact that it is a point of etiquette to presume that every theological or moral idea must come from and rest upon the Vedas. It is as much a conventionalism as that every dish in a modern dinner must have a French name. They are essentially indigenous productions, and are quoted in every conversation that turns upon such topics. Appealing, however, rather to the educated than the crowd, they have been often printed in Tamil, and have a very large sale. As a little child begins to creep through his letters these hymns or songs are put into his hands, that from his earliest youth he may learn what ought to be a life-long protest against the vulgar superstition.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

Vasishta, Rama speaks to thee, and asks
Where may a sinner find those holy rites
That drive out, from the root, each fault and sin,
And give to him who worships perfect peace ?

To him Vasishta. God supreme and great
Dwells not in mortal flesh, nor hath he frame
Of substance elemental. He is not
Confined in what the simple call a God—
In Hari, Hara, and the minor host.
The Godhead is not even mind itself ;
'Tis He, the Uncreate, who knoweth all,
Who ne'er began and never hath an end.

But will that God bow down and dwell with men—
Abide in things that have no worth or praise—
That are not one, but some, and separate ?

He hath no end nor had beginning. He
 Is one, inseparate. To Him alone
 Should mortals offer praise and prayer. Poor fools
 Must bow to idols—they cannot discern
 The higher things. As when some weakly man
 Who cannot walk a mile, is urged to pace
 Such distance as he can : so fools adore
 An image. Not to them the perfect bliss
 Of knowing inner things. The wise man saith
 That God, the Omniscient essence, fills all space
 And time. He cannot die or end. In Him
 All things exist. There is no God but He.
 If thou wouldst worship in the noblest way
 Bring flowers in thy hand. Their names are these
 Contentment, justice, wisdom. Offer them
 To that great essence—then thou servest God.
 No stone can image God. To bow to it
 Is not to worship. Outward rites cannot
 Avail to compass that reward of bliss
 That true devotion gives to those who *know*.

The next is in a different style, but teaches the same lessons. The image of the man carrying the truth under his arm as he walks from his teacher's house with his heap of palm-leaf learning neatly tied with string, will fit other lands beside Madras :—

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

I.

My God is not a chiselled stone
 Or lime, so bright and white,
 Nor is he cleaned with tamarind
 Like images of brass.

II.

I cannot worship such as these,
 But loudly make my boast
 That in my heart I place the feet,
 The golden feet of God.

III.

If He be mine what can I need ?
 My God is everywhere.
 Within, beyond man's highest word,
 My God existeth still.

IV.

In sacred books, in darkest night,
 In deepest bluest sky,
 In those who know the truth, and all
 The faithful few of earth,—

V.

My God is found in all of these.
 But can the Deity
 Descend to images of stone
 Or copper dark and red ?

VI.

Where'er wind blows or compass points,
 God's light doth stream and shine.
 Yet see yon fool, beneath his arm
 He bears the sacred roll.

VII.

How carefully he folds the page
 And draws the closing string !
 See how he binds the living book
 That not a leaf escape !

VIII.

Ah, yes ; the truth should fill his heart,
 But 'tis beneath his arm.
 To him who *knows* the sun is high—
 To this 'tis starless night.

IX.

If still, O sinful man, with ash
 Thou dost besmear thy face,
 Or bathest oft, that thus thy soul
 May cast away its load—

X.

Thou knowest nought of God, nor of
 Regeneration's work.
 Your mantras, what are they ? The Veds
 Groan loud beneath their weight.

XI.

If knowledge be not thine thou art
As one in deep mid-stream,
A stream so wide that both the banks
Are hidden from thy eyes.

XII.

Alas ! How long did I adore
The chiselled stone, and serve
An image made of lime or brass
That's cleaned with tamarind !

THE UNITY OF GOD.

I.

Into the bosom of the one great sea
Flow streams that come from hills on every side.
Their names are many as their springs.
And thus in every land do men bow down
To one great God, though known by many names.
This mighty Being we would worship now.
What though the six religions loudly shout
That each alone is true—all else are false ;
Yet when in each the wise man worships God
The great Almighty One receives the prayer.
Ah, Lord ! When may I hope
To find the clue that leads
From out the labyrinth
Of brawling, erring sects ?
Six blind men once described an elephant
That stood before them all. One felt the back ;
The second noticed pendent ears ; the third
Could only find the tail. The beauteous tusks
Absorbed the admiration of the fourth.
While, of the other two, one grasped the trunk ;
The last looked for small things and found
Four thick and clumsy feet. From what each learned
He drew the beast. Six monsters stood revealed
Just so the six religions learned of God,
And tell their wondrous tales. Our God is one
Men talk of penance, charms, and sacred streams,—
Make pilgrimage to temples, offer gifts,
Performing to the letter all the rules
Of senseless complicated ritual.
Yet are they doomed to sorrow's deepest pain.
Oh, fling such things away, and fix thy heart
On rest and peace to come. Seek that alone.
To them that fully know the heavenly truth
There is no good or ill ; nor anything
To be desired—unclean or purely clean.
To them there is no good to come from fast
Or penance pains. To them the earth has nought
For hope or fear, in thought, or word, or deed.
They hear the four great Vedas shout aloud
That he who has true wisdom in his heart
Can have no thought for fleeting worldly things.
Where God is seen, there can be nought but God.
The heart can have no place for fear or shame,
For caste, uncleanness, hate or wandering thought.
Impure and pure are all alike to him.

Space only permits the quotation of one more piece, which will be thought by many the most interesting in the whole collection. It is the property of a mountain tribe known as the Badagas, who form the mass of the Hindu inhabitants of the Neilgherry Hills. It has long been known that they possessed high musical and poetic talent, but the language is so archaic, when compared with the better known Dravidian dialects, that very few persons had the power, and less the inclination of giving the songs the attention they deserve. I am indebted to the Rev. F. Metz, a devoted German missionary, who has long laboured among the Hill tribes, for the original translation of this and other Badaga songs. The following exhibits an almost literal translation in a form as closely approximating to the original as I can effect. It is the dirge, or funeral song, employed at every Badaga cremation, and is therefore most strictly a popular piece.

The ceremonial commences shortly before death, but it would be out of place here to describe any rite that is not connected with the song. Suffice it to say, that the corpse is at length laid on a cot, carried out of the house, and placed under a wooden canopy or car, which is to be burnt with it. By the side of the body are placed the various implements of the deceased—his plough, knife, flute, bow and arrows, and lastly an empty gourd. The latter is to serve as drinking-vessel during the journey to the unseen world. Early in the morning of the next day friends gather from every side around the corpse. Then the male relations join hands and slowly circle round the bier, to the sound of the music of flute and drum. Gradually the music becomes faster, and with it the dance. Soon the men fly round as fast as nature permits, and the scene becomes one of frenzied excitement. They are supposed to accompany the parted soul in its long journey. So far the ceremony is much like many others, but now commence the more interesting and touching rites.

The dancing ceased, the nearest relations walk in solemn procession round the body. The leader carries a basket of rice or other provision, and finally places it by the dead man's side, to serve him as food on the dread journey. As they walk, one steps to the front and describes the goodness of the deceased, his many acts of kindness, his love for his parents, his skill in cultivation or with his bow; how he assisted the poor, befriended the stranger, and loved his friend. As each new incident is told, the bereaved parents, children, and relations burst into fits of weeping, and mourn afresh their loss. When one man has told what he remembers, another comes forward and repeats new stories that came to his notice. Again the crowd weep and the sad procession walks round the bier, marking their steps by falling tears. When all is told, the bearers take up bier, canopy, and all appurtenances, carrying them to the bank of the nearest stream. Then in mournful silence they stand circling the pile. Then the chief man present leads into their midst a buffalo calf, without blemish, untouched by goad, and free from the stain of labour. When man and calf are thus between the living and the dead, the chief chants the song that follows. It is a confession of sin and

prayer for mercy. As each sin is described, he lays his hand on the head of the calf, and all the people shout, "It is a sin." At the village they told the good deeds of the dead man, for there he was amongst his fellows. Here they are before God alone, and in his sight there is no good in sinful man. Bassava, the deity invoked, is Siva, the third member of the Hindu triad. The confession is followed by a prayer for mercy for the departed soul, and this by a very beautiful description of the progress of the pardoned spirit. It winds up by a solemn expression of assurance that the deity will not refuse to forgive the man for whom the whole tribe has thus prayed. No sooner has the chief finished, than the person next in dignity steps forward and repeats the confession again, placing his hand upon the head of the calf. A second time, therefore, are the sins of the deceased placed on the scape-calf. A third time is it done. Then the calf is led to the outskirts of the assembly and turned loose. It has become sacred, and may never be called the property of any man, or feel the yoke upon his neck. The usual fate of the scape-calf is, doubtless, to become the prey of the tigers that abound on the hills.

The song is chanted by the performer. The portions marked as chorus are repeated by all the people, so that there is a continual chant and refrain, in which the assembly becomes as one man:—

BADAGA DIRGE.

Invocation. In the presence of the great Bassava
Who sprung from Banigè the holy cow !

Confession. The dead has sinned a thousand times.
E'en all the thirteen hundred sins
That can be done by mortal man
May stain the soul that fled to-day.
Stay not their flight to God's pure feet.

Chorus. Stay not their flight.

He killed the crawling snake.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The creeping lizard slew.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Also the harmless frog.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Of brothers he told tales.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The landmark stone he moved.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Called in the Sirca's aid.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Put poison in the milk.

Chorus. It is a sin.

To strangers straying on the hills

He offered aid but guided wrong.

Chorus. It is a sin.

His sister's tender love he scorned

And showed his teeth at her in rage.

Chorus. It is a sin.

DRAVIDIAN FOLK-SONGS.

He dared to drain the pendent teats
Of holy cow in sacred fold.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The glorious sun shone warm and bright—
He turned his back towards its beams.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Ere drinking from the bubbling brook
He made no bow of gratitude.

Chorus. It is a sin.

His envy rose against the man
Who owned a fruitful buffalo.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He bound with cords and made to plough
The budding ox too young to work.

Chorus. It is a sin.

While yet his wife dwelt in the house
He lusted for a younger bride.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The hungry begged—he gave no meat;
The cold asked warmth—he lent no fire.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He turned relations from his door,
Yet asked the stranger home instead.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The weak and poor called for his aid—
He gave no alms, denied their woe.

Chorus. It is a sin.

When caught by thorns, in useless rage
He tore his cloth from side to side.

Chorus. It is a sin.

The father of his wife sat on the floor,
Yet he reclined on bench or couch.

Chorus. It is a sin.

He cut the bund around a tank,
Set free the living water's store.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Against the mother of his life
He lifted up a coward foot.

Chorus. It is a sin.

Prayer. What though he sinned so much,
Or that his parents sinned?
What though the sins' long score
Was thirteen hundred crimes?
Oh! let them every one
Fly swift to Basva's feet.

Chorus. Fly swift.

The chamber dark of death
Shall open to his soul,
The sea shall rise in waves,
Surround on every side,
But yet that awful bridge,
No thicker than a thread,
Shall stand both firm and strong.
The yawning dragon's mouth
Is shut—it brings no fear.

The palaces of heaven
Throw open all their doors.

Chorus. Open all their doors.

The thorny path is steep,
Yet shall his soul go safe.
The silver pillar stands
So near—he touches it,
He may approach the wall,
The golden wall of heaven.
The burning pillar's flame
Shall have no heat for him.

Chorus. Shall have no heat.

Finial. Oh, let us never doubt
That all his sins are gone—
That Bassava forgives,
May it be well with him.

Chorus. May it be well.

Let all be well with him.

Chorus. Let all be well.

Need we stay to point out how vividly all this recalls at least two scenes in Jewish history—the scape-goat and the blessings and the cursings on Ebal and Gerizim? There can hardly be conceived any more striking way of impressing upon a nation the great laws of morality and social goodness than this solemn rehearsal of sin at each cremation. One wonders, too, where both ceremonial and song can have come from. It is no Turanian idea. That is clear. It is almost too deep in its denunciation of sin even for an Aryan nation. We can think of no parallel but in Semitic tribes. Even the minor ideas seem Semitic. The burning pillar which each has to clasp—the righteous coming unhurt through the ordeal—reminds of the pillar of fire that burned in Horeb and again in the wilderness of Sinai. The thread bridge recalls the sharp sword that spans the Mahometan gulf. Yet there is no shred of evidence to connect the Badagas with any Semitic race. Their language is purely Aryan, and abounds with words that preserve in Southern India forms that seemed lost for ever with the ancient Gothic. But the subject must not tempt us on. May the hope be indulged that these specimens of the folk-songs of Southern India may tempt others to dig in the same productive mine, and show us how and when our Dravidian cousins separated from the parent stock?

People I hate Hated.

I CONFESS I do not now hold the lofty sentiments about Hatred which I once held, or at least subscribed. To the best of my recollection, the first time I had occasion to bring my mind to bear on the subject, I uncompromisingly pronounced Hatred to be "the vilest passion which can agitate the human breast," and expressed a very decided opinion (fortified by examples from ancient and modern history,) that it was invariably injurious to society, and degrading to the individual character. I would not, perhaps, have gone to the stake for these views, but I never dreamed of questioning their soundness, or contemplated the possibility of holding others, for I had them (in rough draft) from the highest possible source, the Addison of our school, its most eminent hand at moral essay and theme-writing: that gifted being who had the miraculous faculty of producing, besides his own masterpiece, any number of compositions for his less prolific comrades, no two exactly alike, though all on the same subject, and whose reflections, as just and profound as his grammar and spelling were unimpeachable, no master had ever been hardy enough to criticize. But that fine outfit of dogmatic morality with which we are furnished, as we start on the pilgrimage of this world, does not long stand the wear and tear of the journey, any more than its concomitant, the marvellous school-boy digestion, which makes light of viands the mind shudders at in after years. Dear! dear! what beautiful virtuous lives we should all of us lead, if we were only to act up to the headings of our old copy-books. Alas! those noble round-hand resolutions and rules of conduct seem to have no more effect upon the formation of character than the firm determination to improve in penmanship I have so many times engrossed, has had upon the handwriting which I observe upon the paper now before me. In the one case, as in the other, the standard of excellence is pitched too high for ordinary mortals. It may be attained by writing-masters and moral philosophers, but for us others it is impossible to get along with all that paraphernalia of virtue, or to carry on our correspondence with all that nicety of hair-stroke, loop, and flourish. There is Hatred aforesaid. We know that we can no more help hating than we can help sneezing. Life being what it is, we *must* hate a good round number of people. It is all very well for the philosopher, as he sits tranquilly meditating in his cell, with his feet on the fender, to denounce the weakness from that high moral altitude. But let him come down and mix with the crowd, and have his toes trodden on a little. Depend upon it, when he does, his language will be very much the same as ours, and, for all his fine maxims, he will not love the neighbour who bruises his

corns a bit better than we do. Some go through life in broughams and some in 'busses, and the former are by far the more favourable vehicles for what Dr. Johnson called "the general cultivation of benevolence." At the same time it must be admitted that Hatred now-a-days is not quite the deadly feeling the moralist has in his eye when he lectures on the terrible consequences of giving way to it. In the first place, all sorts of diseases, moral as well as physical, have a tendency to become in time less virulent in their action; and then, as society grows more and more complex, we have more collisions with our fellow-creatures, and consequently more hatreds, which must be, therefore, individually less substantial than one which absorbed our whole hating power, just as trees in a thick plantation have less substance than those growing in the open. If anybody turns the matter over quietly with himself, he will be astonished to find what a number of people he hates (unless he is exceptionally amiable, pachydermatous, or philosophical), not exactly to the death, or "perfectly," as Izaak Walton hated others; but, nevertheless, very positively and decidedly. Also he will be struck with the endless variety of form which hatred is capable of assuming, and, finally, the conviction will be forced upon him that, as he hates so many people who are quite unaware of the fact, it is extremely probable that he himself is an object of detestation to several persons whom he never dreamt of offending.

To take my own case as an illustration—I hate, and for some time have hated, Major Macpherson, and calmly considering the case, I cannot avoid the conclusion that what the Major is to me I must be to divers other people. I have never met Major Macpherson. And yet, stay: how do I know that? He may have been, for aught I know to the contrary, that very agreeable military man whose conversation lightened the journey by the "limited mail" a month ago, or that fiery gentleman who had so much to say the other day at Jones's about the rascally behaviour of the Government in the matter of forage allowances to field-officers. Still, in spite of the apparent inconsistency of it, I hate Major Macpherson, the reason being that I only know him as (and I feel as if I were alluding to a three-volume novel, where I describe his relation to me) Major Macpherson, the former lodger. In fact, the rooms I now occupy were formerly tenanted by the Major, and all his tastes, ways, and habits appear, from the statements of Mrs. Sharkey, the landlady, to have been diametrically opposed to mine in every particular. Now when people are acquainted a difference of this sort often tends to strengthen friendship; as in chemistry, combination takes place when positive and negative are brought together. This is the moral which the poet seeks to point in the ballad of "Jack Sprat." The tastes of Jack and his wife were opposed to one another, and the consequences were, we are given to understand, an harmonious married life and an economical household. But if all you know of a man is the bare fact that his likes and dislikes, his customs and opinions, are all the reverse of your own, and if it is always tacitly assumed that his are the right ones, and indeed, in some sort, the

standards by which rectitude is to be measured, "how possible to love him?" as Mesty says in *Midshipman Easy*; or rather, how possible not to hate him with an abiding and bitter hatred? This, then, is my position with respect to Major Macpherson. On all questions of tea, sugar, spirits, boots, or breakfast-bacon, I have only to express a wish or deliver an opinion, to be told that it is very odd, for Major Macpherson was always most particular to have his quite different. No question of domestic economy can be broached but it raises the ghost of the Major to comfort and condemn me, nor does it at all lighten the grievance that I am forced to observe in all the Major's ways a remarkable consideration for Mrs. Sharkey's convenience. When I compare the inflexibility of his rule about dining from home on Sunday with my own laxity on the same point, I cannot but feel that I must suffer by the comparison; nor can I help seeing that his marked partiality for easily cooked dishes tends to exhibit me in the disagreeable light of an incorrigible gourmand. In fact, the memory of the Major is a daily humiliation to me, and consequently I hate him with a hatred which I maintain to be perfectly natural. The perpetual obtrusion of another person's virtue on your notice must ere long produce a weariness which, in the end, ripens into hatred. For this reason I have always had a sympathetic feeling for that much abused Athenian, who was for ostracizing Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Granted that he was just, was that any reason why his justness should be continually thrust down the throats of his neighbours, as if he were the only licensed dealer in the article? The earliest hatred I can remember, the first dawn of hate in my nature, was of this sort. Chronologically arranged, a list of the people I have hated would be headed by my uncle George.

In my early days it was the mission of this relative to manufacture aphorisms and moral sentiments for family use, and the frequent application of these to our conduct was a sore burden to us youngsters. Being sententious, he was fully believed in by the womenkind of our family, who considered that there was no more conclusive way of pointing out our shortcomings than quoting some scrap of his wisdom germane to the matter. How weary we were of the preamble, "Your uncle George used always to say," or "Remember what your uncle George says." His fecundity in maxims and precepts was as great as that of Mr. Samuel Maunder, of the *Treasury of Knowledge*. He could produce a sentiment suitable to any occasion at a moment's notice. The effect of the severe battery to which we were thus exposed was not merely confined to hatred of the author of our sufferings. I cannot honestly say that our eagerness to walk in the paths of virtue was very great, but such as it was, it was checked by the mitraille of morality with which uncle George swept all the approaches. We felt it was no use to try to be good; that we must fail; and then followed a terrible "sour-grape" feeling about rectitude, amounting to positive scepticism. Was there such a thing at all, or was it merely a figment, an invention of our elders for the purpose of more

readily keeping us in subjection? In fact, there was developed within us a rudimentary rationalism. Of course a very slight knowledge of the world would have kept us right. It was said that no man could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and similarly it ought to have been obvious to us that no man could possibly be so virtuous as uncle George's talk made him out to be. And in the fulness of time it was made manifest that his life did not always square with the rules of conduct he so liberally offered to society. If he was richer in one department of moral philosophy than another, it was in that which dealt with industry, perseverance, steadiness of application, method, &c., on all which subjects he poured forth aphorisms so numerous and so weighty that he made existence a burden to us. But he himself was not industrious, he was not persevering, he applied himself steadily to nothing, and was methodical only in dogmatizing. He had struck out so many different openings in life leading to nothing, that he had made a perfect sieve of it. He had been in as many berths as there are in a P. and O. steamer. He was always going abroad to try some new line of business, and always coming back unsuccessful, but charged with fresh precepts about success in life,—picked up probably from Brahmins and Sachems he had met in the course of his travels. Even now there is a sort of family "whip" on foot to bring him home from New Zealand, where he has been attempting to set up something which it appears would not stay up, and no doubt we shall soon learn something of the moral philosophy of the Maories. The species of hatred which this case serves to illustrate is very common. Let me take another example differing in kind. I hate Captain Boreas, and I do so under the following circumstances:—

It has long been a practice or a custom of mine, when London becomes odious, as it frequently does at various seasons, to retreat to a pleasant watering-place which I shall call Dipscombe-super-mare. Whene'er I took my walks abroad there, on pier, esplanade, cliff, or downs, I was always encountering a certain gentleman who speedily inspired me with the deepest aversion. He was a stout man, and a tightly-buttoned-up, wearing, in all seasons and weathers, a frock-coat which disclosed no waist-coat, but only stock and shirt-collar. He was a man of a warm, uniform complexion, something between brick and plum colour, and of an irritated texture of skin, as though it was his habit to wash with oil of vitriol and dry himself with a nutmeg-grater. He walked quickly but stiffly, as if he had no knees; he was constantly slapping his chest with his fist, and he carried a thick bamboo cane. My feelings as regards this gentleman being those I have described, I need not say I became in time acquainted with him. When science is farther advanced we shall, perhaps, know why it is, what are the laws governing the mysterious attraction through which you inevitably come to know a person who happens to be an object of vague aversion. The means by which the junction is brought about are various. An officious friend with a mania for introducing people will do it as often as anything else, or a railway-guard may put you into the

standards by which rectitude is to be measured, "how possible to love him?" as Mesty says in *Midshipman Easy*; or rather, how possible not to hate him with an abiding and bitter hatred? This, then, is my position with respect to Major Macpherson. On all questions of tea, sugar, spirits, boots, or breakfast-bacon, I have only to express a wish or deliver an opinion, to be told that it is very odd, for Major Macpherson was always most particular to have his quite different. No question of domestic economy can be broached but it raises the ghost of the Major to comfort and condemn me, nor does it at all lighten the grievance that I am forced to observe in all the Major's ways a remarkable consideration for Mrs. Sharkey's convenience. When I compare the inflexibility of his rule about dining from home on Sunday with my own laxity on the same point, I cannot but feel that I must suffer by the comparison; nor can I help seeing that his marked partiality for easily cooked dishes tends to exhibit me in the disagreeable light of an incorrigible gourmand. In fact, the memory of the Major is a daily humiliation to me, and consequently I hate him with a hatred which I maintain to be perfectly natural. The perpetual obtrusion of another person's virtue on your notice must ere long produce a weariness which, in the end, ripens into hatred. For this reason I have always had a sympathetic feeling for that much abused Athenian, who was for ostracizing Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Granted that he was just, was that any reason why his justness should be continually thrust down the throats of his neighbours, as if he were the only licensed dealer in the article? The earliest hatred I can remember, the first dawn of hate in my nature, was of this sort. Chronologically arranged, a list of the people I have hated would be headed by my uncle George.

In my early days it was the mission of this relative to manufacture aphorisms and moral sentiments for family use, and the frequent application of these to our conduct was a sore burden to us youngsters. Being sententious, he was fully believed in by the womenkind of our family, who considered that there was no more conclusive way of pointing out our shortcomings than quoting some scrap of his wisdom germane to the matter. How weary we were of the preamble, "Your uncle George used always to say," or "Remember what your uncle George says." His fecundity in maxims and precepts was as great as that of Mr. Samuel Maunder, of the *Treasury of Knowledge*. He could produce a sentiment suitable to any occasion at a moment's notice. The effect of the severe battery to which we were thus exposed was not merely confined to hatred of the author of our sufferings. I cannot honestly say that our eagerness to walk in the paths of virtue was very great, but such as it was, it was checked by the mitraille of morality with which uncle George swept all the approaches. We felt it was no use to try to be good; that we must fall; and then followed a terrible "sour-grape" feeling about rectitude, amounting to positive scepticism. Was there such a thing at all, or was it merely a figment, an invention of our elders for the purpose of more

readily keeping us in subjection? In fact, there was developed within us a rudimentary rationalism. Of course a very slight knowledge of the world would have kept us right. It was said that no man could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and similarly it ought to have been obvious to us that no man could possibly be so virtuous as uncle George's talk made him out to be. And in the fulness of time it was made manifest that his life did not always square with the rules of conduct he so liberally offered to society. If he was richer in one department of moral philosophy than another, it was in that which dealt with industry, perseverance, steadiness of application, method, &c., on all which subjects he poured forth aphorisms so numerous and so weighty that he made existence a burden to us. But he himself was not industrious, he was not persevering, he applied himself steadily to nothing, and was methodical only in dogmatizing. He had struck out so many different openings in life leading to nothing, that he had made a perfect sieve of it. He had been in as many berths as there are in a P. and O. steamer. He was always going abroad to try some new line of business, and always coming back unsuccessful, but charged with fresh precepts about success in life,—picked up probably from Brahmins and Sachems he had met in the course of his travels. Even now there is a sort of family "whip" on foot to bring him home from New Zealand, where he has been attempting to set up something which it appears would not stay up, and no doubt we shall soon learn something of the moral philosophy of the Maories. The species of hatred which this case serves to illustrate is very common. Let me take another example differing in kind. I hate Captain Boreas, and I do so under the following circumstances:—

It has long been a practice or a custom of mine, when London becomes odious, as it frequently does at various seasons, to retreat to a pleasant watering-place which I shall call Dipscombe-super-mare. Whene'er I took my walks abroad there, on pier, esplanade, cliff, or downs, I was always encountering a certain gentleman who speedily inspired me with the deepest aversion. He was a stout man, and a tightly-buttoned-up, wearing, in all seasons and weathers, a frock-coat which disclosed no waist-coat, but only stock and shirt-collar. He was a man of a warm, uniform complexion, something between brick and plum colour, and of an irritated texture of skin, as though it was his habit to wash with oil of vitriol and dry himself with a nutmeg-grater. He walked quickly but stiffly, as if he had no knees; he was constantly slapping his chest with his fist, and he carried a thick bamboo cane. My feelings as regards this gentleman being those I have described, I need not say I became in time acquainted with him. When science is farther advanced we shall, perhaps, know why it is, what are the laws governing the mysterious attraction through which you inevitably come to know a person who happens to be an object of vague aversion. The means by which the junction is brought about are various. An officious friend with a mania for introducing people will do it as often as anything else, or a railway-guard may put you into the

same carriage with the object for a run of sixty miles without stopping, or you may be shut in with him in a dentist's waiting-parlour, or it may be your hard fate to take his umbrella in mistake for your own and to have to return it with an apology. Be the process what it may, in one way or another, an acquaintance is sure to come about. I soon discovered what instinct meant when it warned me against Captain Boreas. The way in which that man crowed over all creation on the score of his own exceptional robustness of constitution made him the enemy of his species. The great pleasure of his life seemed to be to insult his fellow-creatures by invidious comparisons of his strength with their weakness, for it was a favourite article of belief with him, and he triumphed in it, that everybody except himself was more or less feeble and rickety. He was always slapping that abominable chest of his and telling you how well he felt—as if you cared. He had a gift, too, for finding out the things that disagreed with you, and glorying in them. If the wind was from the east—Dipscombe is a particularly east-windy place—and if, as many people do, I strongly resented its blowing from that quarter, finding its invariable effects to be acerbity of temper and a prickly feeling of the skin, suggesting that in the evolution theory of the descent of man the hedgehog has been overlooked as one of his ancestors—if these were the circumstances under which I was abroad, Captain Boreas was sure to heave in sight, marching in his wooden-legged way, and carrying his great cane over his shoulder like a musket. Seeing me, he bears down upon me at once. "Hah!" he shouts (he always speaks in a shout). "Here's a fine bracing day, sir!" Slaps himself. "Here's a glorious breeze!" And then, to show his relish of the breeze, he inflates himself and thrusts his odious thorax almost into my face. As I am not at all in the mood to agree with him, I express my sentiments freely about the day and breeze, and he exhibits great delight. In his most boisterous manner he describes the exhilarating effects of such weather on himself, and points the inevitable conclusion that, as he is "all right," I must be "all wrong." A topic which he specially enjoys enlarging upon is an assumed laxity on your part in the use of cold water. He is slow to believe that there is any one who takes the same manly view of that element that he does himself. He is fond of introducing his tub into conversation and dating anecdotes or personal reminiscences from it, as "when I was in my tub this morning," or "as I was getting out of my tub;" and when the thermometer falls below freezing-point he derives great satisfaction from describing how he had to break the ice. I don't think he is one of those seven gentlemen whom we read of every winter in the paragraph headed "The weather and the parks," who have a spot in the Serpentine kept clear of ice for them, and bathe every morning at seven o'clock; because if he were he would brag about it so noisily that no one enjoying his society for ten minutes could fail to have the fact impressed upon his memory. But if the police regulations permitted afternoon bathing in the Serpentine in winter, I think it very likely he would avail himself of the privilege, that he might

walk up and down afterwards flourishing his damp towel and telling society his sensations. Cold, sir! he should think it *was* cold. So much the better. There was a variety of the Boreas breed that became a public nuisance at the time when the Turkish bath was first introduced. This Boreas was profound in all the details and theories of the new process, and had by heart all the pamphlets and articles written on the subject, with which he perpetually harassed mankind. As the captain above named bullied you with his chest, *he* bullied you with his pores. He had got hold of the fact (if there is such a fact) that there are eight—or, stay, is it eight thousand?—miles of pores distributed over the human body. That all this vast extent of tubing was in your case what he pleasantly termed “clogged,” was a theory the maintaining of which gave him infinite satisfaction. Clogged you were, and clogged you must remain until you became like him a Turkish-bathist of the strictest sect. Everything that you complained of, from your inability to digest curried skate to your incapacity for reading the debates in the House, was referable to one great cause—your cloggedness. The idea, too, of your laying claim to the possession of a skin inspired him with the deepest scorn. “Horn, my dear sir, all horn,” he would say, passing his thumb contemptuously over the back of your hand. He alone had a skin, and all his miles of pores were one great thoroughfare. Even becoming a convert did very little good. He had the whole process at his fingers’ ends, he would cross-examine you strictly as to what you had undergone, and woe betide you if you had omitted or shirked any part of the ceremony. He would not bate you one single douche or dislocation. You must perform the rite according to his programme, else you were in a parlous state, from which your only escape lay in conforming with all possible haste with the instructions he gave you. A certain sort of Boreas, I have observed, is often found in great force on the continent. As some people travel to “do” sights and places, others to gormandize, others to grumble, this Boreas appears to travel to wash. He goes abroad to testify to British cleanliness in the face of an unwashing generation, under which head he includes all manner of foreigners, whose personal habits he denounces at table-d’hôtes and in railway-carriages with all the boisterous raillery of his family. Everywhere he goes he leaves behind him in the travellers’ book scathing invectives against the deficiencies of the house in the matter of tubs and water-supply. His greatest delight is to turn a little primitive mountain inn topsy-turvy at five o’clock in the morning to furnish him with the means of sousing himself, and, under the sobriquet of “Der Kalt-wasser Herr,” he is dreaded by the toiling chambermaids of half the tall hotels from Cologne to Vienna. Cleanliness is akin to godliness, but his is so outrageously obtrusive that it suggests an affinity to the godliness of Chadband.

A much more humane creature, but, if possible, a greater bore, is Hilarius, the man who is always in high spirits. High spirits are a very charming and enviable possession in the abstract: that is to say,

surveyed from a distance favourable to calm philosophical contemplation; but like a great many things very charming in the abstract, they lose much of their charm when tried by the severe test of personal experience. To put the same truth in another form, a good thing ceases to be a good thing when you get too much of it, and this is the case with the high spirits of a man who is always in them. People who have lived much on Mediterranean shores say that in time you weary of the eternal blue sky with which new comers are always so enraptured; and that on a return to this vilified climate there is nothing you enjoy more than the variety of our clouded canopy. Travelling in the South, after a hot journey, you come, perhaps, to an inn where they give you a room looking out on a little courtyard festooned with creeping plants, in the middle of which a lively fountain plays day and night with a merry patter. How you revel in that courtyard, and especially in that fountain, as you lean out of your window in that happy, dreamy, contented, after-dinner lounge which only the traveller knows. How the look, and scents, and sounds of the spot haunt you afterwards; the dancing water that caught the sunlight streaming in over the red-tiled roof, the tinkling plash, the rhythm of which was your last sensation as you dropped asleep! You talk about that fountain afterwards to your friends as one of your most delicious recollections, and perhaps you succeed even in persuading yourself that if fortune were to assign that chamber to you in permanence, you would make unprecedented progress with your great work, your epic, or tragedy, or essay on the extinction of pauperism, or treatise on the probable duration of the glacial period. In such a room, and with such a fountain making music in your ears, your ideas, you fancy, would flow unwontedly free and felicitous. But the chances are ten to one that had you been fated to spend three days instead of ten hours in the same quarters, you would have found yourself, before that period had elapsed, ejaculating, "Confound that fountain!" or,—for I don't pledge myself to the exact phrase—whatever form of execration your sex, temperament, or habits prompt you to use under the pressure of impatience and discontent. The man who is always in high spirits is like that Italian sky, and like that fountain, a little of him exhilarates, perhaps, but a full dose clogs. He is all unvaried ether. He is always in full play. There is no shade, no repose, in him. He is a dead-level of liveliness without any depressions, and like all dead levels, monotonous. He has but one state of existence, and therefore can have no sympathy with beings whose mood is liable to change. It is this want of sympathy that makes him a nuisance. As it is always high water with him he cannot understand why you should be sometimes on the ebb: he cannot conceive the possibility of your not being always up to *his* mark. For the same reason he regards neither time, place, nor circumstance. All such ideas are swallowed up in his light-heartedness. If he writes to you he puts burlesque titles and facetious descriptions of you on the envelope, thereby perplexing the postman, and ultimately lowering you

in the eyes of that officer as a correspondent of lunatics, and therefore little better yourself. If he calls upon you, he knocks facetious knocks at your door, at one time imitating "Rates and Taxes;" at another simulating the manner of an insane footman from Belgravia. If you are from home he leaves messages so elaborately obscure that you utterly fail to make out who was the visitor, and what was the object of the visit, for in all his actions the ostensible end is ever subordinate to the great purpose of his life, that of finding a vent for his spirits. If you happen to be in your garden he sends word to say the Archbishop of Canterbury desires a few minutes conversation with you. You hasten in much puzzled, and only able to surmise that his Grace, having heard of your charitable disposition, has called to solicit your co-operation in some philanthropic project. You find neither the Archbishop nor anybody to represent him; but, just as you are proceeding to inquire what this may mean, Hilarius rises suddenly, like a pantomime demon, from under the table, and greets you with a comic war-whoop. In all this complicated performance he clearly gives you to understand that he considers he has laid you under an obligation by taking such pains to give you a pleasant surprise. This is one of the most aggravating features in his philosophy. He delights in surprises, and he assumes that you, the surprised, as a matter of course, equally delight in them. In his eyes an unexpected thwack between the shoulders, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes; and acting on this philanthropic motive, he never misses an opportunity of inflicting that blessing. If he spies you in the street he will stalk you as though you were a stag that he may come upon you unawares. To us who are not always in high spirits it is difficult to see the humour of knocking all the wind out of a fellow-creature's body by a hearty slap or punch. We cannot deny the force, but we fail to see the point of the joke. Its extreme antiquity, we think, might by this time have removed it from the category of facetiae. But to him there is nothing stale or obsolete in it: time writes no wrinkle on its brow, and he will take away your breath with as keen a sense of original fun as that pre-historic humourist who first dug his stone-age brother in the stomach. A crowd always brings out his quality. You are, say, at the Royal Academy, looking up at the picture of your poor friend Skyhigh and trying to invent something consolatory about "a good light" against the next time you meet him, when your meditations are broken by a sounding tap on the crown of your hat. You turn round hastily in quest of the assailant, and find that your choice lies among the Dean of Barchester, General Smoothbore, and Professor Jawstone, who all look somewhat embarrassed. Following the direction of the General's eye, however, you perceive at hand a figure gazing at Holman Hunt's "Girlhood of St. Ursula" with an expression of rapt and almost religious concentration. This proves to be Hilarius, who, finding himself detected, immediately seizes you by the elbows (his way of shaking hands) and goes through some evolutions which appear to be rather inconvenient to the people about you, who have merely come

to look at pictures. Any one looking on would suppose that this was an unexpected meeting after a separation of years, whereas it is not four-and-twenty hours since he greeted you last. But this is only his hearty manner. This over, he drags you off to room No. 9 to show you "something that will make you die with laughing." In so jovial a creature it is strange to observe such a desire for the destruction of life: he is always proposing to tell or show something that will make you die with laughing. He plants you at last before Ansdell's picture of "Goats in the Sierra Nevada," and asks if "that isn't the dead image of him?" What, and the image of whom, you ask. "Why, that," he says, appealing directly to your perceptivity (which, it seems, lies in the region of the ribs) and indicating the senior goat of the group, which he avers to be "the very picture of old Joe Mumbles." The position is a very difficult one. If, in the vain hope of quieting him, you agree that the resemblance is very striking, and that every friend of Mumbles must be immensely tickled by it, you only put him into better spirits. If, on the other hand, you yield to a not unnatural testiness and declare the pretended similarity to be all stuff, you make him violently demonstrative. You *must* reconsider your verdict. He forces you into a crouching attitude the better to catch the likeness, and hauls you, now this side, now that, to point out how it is exactly Mumbles' eye and Mumbles' beard, and how the artist has unintentionally caught the Mumbles' expression, to refresh your memory on which branch of the subject he gives imitations of Mumbles under different circumstances, until he has riveted the attention of the whole room. He likes this. He says it is "such fun." Travel, too, stimulates him wonderfully, especially foreign travel. Any shreds of decorum he preserved at home he discards the moment he sets foot on the Continent. Life there he considers to be invariably conducted on the broadest farce principles. He avails himself unstintingly of all the facilities for burlesque afforded by the language, manners, and customs of the country. He loves to deliver, *virid voce*, extravagant renderings of inscriptions on walls or in shop windows, and, if you are so unfortunate as to have him for a travelling companion, to address you in public in a dialect of his own construction, the principle of which is that it is a wild caricature of the tongue of the people about you. He refuses to contemplate the possibility of any one not an Englishman understanding a word of English, so that his criticisms and jokes are free from all restraint, and he has a way of recommending himself to officials, from whom you wish to obtain some information or favour, by cutting into the conversation and investing them with fanciful titles, such as "Old Stick-in-the-mud," "Old Collywobbles;" in consequence of which, perhaps, it is that the concierge curtly tells you that this is not the day for seeing the Museum, and the Chef-de-Gare refuses to mark your through-ticket so as to enable you to dine and go on by the next train. Take him anywhere, at home or abroad, in public or in private, on the top of Mont Blanc or on the top of an omnibus, he is—

a very good fellow it may be, but—a most intolerable nuisance. In fact, I can only conceive of two situations in which he can possibly be of any use, comfort, or advantage to his fellow-creatures,—at a picnic, or at a wedding, those being occasions on which, owing to the operation of a natural law, liveliness is apt to be deficient because it is expected. Here he might be valuable as a natural reservoir of spontaneous vivacity; but elsewhere he is, I repeat, a nuisance.

There is a man whom I have been hating for some time to whom I can give no title but that of “the man with the voice.” He is always associated in my mind with a certain church in the neighbourhood of which I have the misfortune to reside. That church, or rather its steeple, contains, to the perpetual discomfort of the vicinity, what I believe is considered a remarkably fine peal of bells, of which it is apparently very proud. Consequently it never misses an opportunity of airing its chimes. It is scrupulous in acknowledging anniversaries of all sorts with full and noisy honours. No ceremonial of any kind can come off within a radius of three miles, no foundation-stone can be laid, building inaugurated, or new street opened, without that belfry bursting out into an insane hymn of thanksgiving. If the smallest princelet from the Danubian principalities happens to cross the boundaries of the parish the ringers will immediately rush up the steeple and give vent to the parochial joy in a peal of at least an hour’s duration; and when public occasions fail, any local event, such as the vicar having got a new surplice, or the beadle’s child being successfully vaccinated, is, I suspect, made to serve as an excuse. There is besides a regular weekly jingle (a parishioner of the last century, an old lady, whose memory can hardly be sufficiently detested, having, I believe, left by will a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for every Friday evening), which is, I think, as exasperating and idiotic a performance as ever tortured mortal tympanum, and which always winds up with something that sounds as if the steeple were seized with a gigantic sneezing fit. What with all this, and the occasional favours of stray amateur ringers, who are afterwards commended in the sporting papers for having rung a complete set of grandsire triples, whatever that may be, in two hours and forty minutes, we of the parish might as well be in the “Ring-*ing Island*” of Rabelais. The person I have spoken of as “the man with the voice” is very like that church, and for a similar reason is a plague to all who are unlucky enough to be within earshot of him. Nature has unkindly endowed him with a fine organ, of which he is so proud, and of the sound of which he is so enamoured, that he is scarcely ever silent. It is a rich, sonorous bass organ of such a pervading quality that it completely fills a room, and comes rolling and tolling round you, absorbing, as it were, all other sounds. Like the lady’s voice in *Marmion* it is ever in your ear, and you cannot hear the very friend who is at the same table with you. There is something in the tone of it that reminds one of that great being who stands behind the chairman’s chair at a public dinner, and enjoins upon gentlemen silence for a toast, and to

charge their glasses. Indeed, I am rapidly coming to believe as history, what I once in a moment of irritation struck out as a mere theory, that the individual in question is a retired toast-master, who, having saved money, has become a speaking director in some city company. He is exactly the man to talk of "an enterprise worthy of this great commercial metropolis" in a tone that would carry conviction to all who have ears and are led by them. The adroitness with which, for the purpose of bringing out his voice, he avails himself of all the most pompous and sonorous words of the language is something marvellous. Not only does he use three words where another would use one, but where an ordinary person would employ a word of one syllable he contrives to get in one of three. Catch him missing an opening for a sesquipedalian term. The mere ceaseless sound of his voice would be aggravation enough, but unfortunately it is impossible to avoid hearing what he says, and of course when a man talks continually his talk must be mainly twaddle. In this particular case it is not too harsh to say that the talk *is* twaddle. Slightly to parody the words of the poet, he holds it true, whate'er befall, that

'Tis better to have talked rank bosh
Than never to have talked at all.

If he can get nobody else to talk to he will engage one of the club waiters in conversation, quite regardless of the fact that he is depriving other members of their proper share of attendance, and he takes about a quarter of an hour to order his dinner. He is evidently not a person of a very high order of intellect, but it is impossible to suppose him such a fool as to believe that the continuous sound of his voice can be the same pleasure to others that it is to himself. Therefore he must belong to one or other of two classes of people,—the purely selfish who never allow the comfort or convenience of others to weigh a grain in the balance against their own gratification; or else the equally objectionable class of those who simply ignore the existence of their fellow-creatures, and in all their doings evince a stolid disregard of the fact that they themselves are not the only beings in creation; the sort of people, in short, who never think of shutting doors behind them, or of making way or room for anybody. But there is an additional reason for hating the man with the voice. A man who is *always* doing a particular thing, even though that thing be a perfectly innocent, innocuous thing, is, I maintain, a legitimate object for hatred. Nature has implanted in us an instinctive love of variety and abhorrence of monotony, and any one running counter to this instinct excites a natural animosity. This is the moral underlying the well-known story of the gentleman coming out of Crockford's and kicking the man who was tying his shoe on the doorstep. We have nothing to do with the truth of the allegation that the person kicked was "always tying his shoe:" we have only to consider it as a justification of the kicking, and as such it is complete. Kicking is, perhaps, in a case of the sort, an extreme measure, but that is merely a matter of detail and does not affect

the principle, which is that monotony of behaviour justifies the feeling of hatred. The particular expression of that feeling will, of course, always depend upon individual temperament. There is a man, for instance, opposite to whom I have very often the discomfort of sitting, and who is always smiling. Smiling in the abstract, or even a habit of smiling, is not a reasonable ground for enmity. But this man's smile is a fixed and perpetual smile that never waxes or wanes, but at all times, and under all circumstances, conditions, and weathers remains the same, as if it had been painted on his face by a country sign-board painter. It is also a vague and indefinite smile, which, apparently, has no reference to anything in particular, but is, I suppose, in some way connected with the contemplation of life in general. At first I thought it indicated merely a sort of stolid content with life, but there is a certain perplexity of expression joined with it which is inconsistent with that view. It is the kind of smile a person is apt to put on when told a story, the point of which is given in some language of which he is ignorant; and I incline to the notion that having long puzzled over the problem of life he has at last arrived at the suspicion that there is a joke of some sort at the bottom of it, and that he wears this perpetual smile as a good provisional expression of countenance, which will not commit him too far in case it should turn out to be no joke. At any rate there it is, an eternal, fatuous, and exasperating smile. But I have never felt myself called upon to kick that man because he is always smiling. Kicking is not in my line. At the same time I am bound to say I doubt if I could withhold my sympathy from any gentleman who, suffering as I do, was impelled to go the length of kicking him.

Stodgemore is another man I hate, because he is always doing something, and also, because that something is of itself disagreeable. Stodgemore's self-imposed mission is to promote the spread of general information in society. I am not aware that society is tortured by a thirst for general information, but he evidently thinks it is, and that he, Stodgemore, is the one man who can satisfy that thirst. He is what is called "a well-informed man." He reminds me of that ogre who used to be introduced in juvenile books. Of course, I don't mean the good old-fashioned ogre who lived in a castle, and had a hearty appetite for children, but that dreadful being who pervades the more modern fiction offered to youth, the instructive uncle of the Peter Parley school, who takes William and James out for a walk, and is able to account for everything in nature up to the milk in the cocoa-nut; who knows everything, and answers questions such as no William, or James yet born ever put, and is diffuse in describing the ingenious structure of a bird's nest when any real William or James would very much rather be robbing it. What he is to young people—or would be if he were not as unreal a creation as ever came from romancer's brain—Stodgemore is to adult society. Conversation ceases to be conversation when he joins in it: it becomes a lecture. He has a strange love for the dry side of every subject, and instead of helping to lubricate the wheels of social talk, as is

the duty of a good citizen and companion, he is ingenious only in introducing grit. We have, all of us, I suppose, felt some curiosity as to that wonderful man who writes those articles in the papers commencing with "It is not generally known," and have rashly fancied, perhaps, that a person with such vast and varied stores of information must be a delightful companion; but a slight acquaintance with Stodgemore will speedily dispel any such curiosity or fancy. Information is a very good thing, and a knowledge of things not generally known is, with certain limitations, desirable; but there are few of us, I imagine, who wish to be always acquiring information and always imbibing knowledge. Most of us require intervals for digestion, certain periods of unbending, when we are content to leave facts and fallacies alone. This is what Stodgemore will not see. He believes that at all times and seasons it is your duty to learn and his to teach, and so, whether you are in a recipient mood or not, he is always at his post pumping into you. There is nothing you can say or do that he does not seize upon as an opportunity to be improved. If he catches you looking lovingly at the tint of your host's Marcobrunner he is down upon you with a query as to whether you know the reason why coloured glasses are used for hock, and on your giving some unscientific answer about its being the fashion, or colour always being pleasant to the eye, he is in great spirits, and for the next half-hour he drills it into you that there are certain rays in the solar spectrum which have the property of decomposing the pyroxylate of balderdash upon which the bouquet of all wines of the hock class depends. Perhaps you foolishly think to stop him by a joke, and in your frivolous way you institute some desperate comparison between a hock-glass and a hic-cup. You might as well think to stop Niagara with a bulrush. You merely afford him new matter, for he at once falls upon you and your wretched joke, and shows that the latter is no joke at all, but simply the offspring of your ignorance, the word being really hic-cough, which, in obedience to Grimm's law, has come to be pronounced as you give it. He is a perfect upas-tree for all things of the nature of jokes, metaphors, playful exaggerations, or jocose similitudes. They cannot live within the range of his breath. Dreadful at all times, he is especially terrible when some exploration of Livingstone, or speculation of Darwin, or new theory about the Gulf-stream, or fresh discovery of kitchen-middens, is running its course as a table-talk topic. Under his didactic treatment you begin to loathe Livingstone, and almost wish Darwin dead.

To be bored is bad enough. But to be bored and to be held bound to feel gratitude for being bored, is a burden too grievous to be borne with patience by any but a highly philosophical temperament, and this it is which intensifies the irritation produced by Stodgemore and his school. They always make it so obvious that they regard you in the light of a person deeply beholden to them. For the same reason, to some extent, I hate another person, the man who takes an interest in me. Of course to a properly constituted mind this would be no just cause for hatred. By

the way, there are certain phrases which I hate as much as I do any human being, and this is one of them.—“A properly constituted mind” is one of those unmeaning, pompous phrases that have obtained a position beyond their merits because they have an imposing look, and come in well at the end of a sentence. Who ever met a person of a properly constituted mind? I have every possible respect for the present reader, but I am just as certain that he or she is not a person of a properly constituted mind as I am that he or she is not an Apollo Belvedere or a Venus de' Medici. There has never yet been a properly constituted mind, any more than there has been a living representative of the artist's ideal of corporeal beauty; and I have no doubt perfection in the one case would prove as disagreeable as it has been argued it would prove in the other. Be this as it may, not having a properly constituted mind, I hate the man who takes an interest in me, because, while I don't in the least want his interest, he shows me very plainly that he considers it lays me under an obligation. Theoretically, of course, one ought to be obliged to people who take an interest in one. It is so kind and benevolent of them: besides, what earthly good can they get by it, if it isn't the mere pleasure springing from benevolence? But there are people who take an interest in you because taking an interest in people is their main occupation in life; who seem to have nothing else to do but to go about the world taking an interest in people; who take an interest in you as others take an interest in ferns or polyps; to whom you furnish a study and a pursuit. Now I submit it is rather hard to be expected to feel thankful for an interest of this sort. The man who takes an interest in you in this way shows it in making himself acquainted with the minutest details concerning you, and you are painfully conscious in his company of being what I may call pigeon-holed, of being methodically entered in his mental register as a person of such and such ways and habits, and such and such ideas. From time to time he takes stock of you, to use a commercial phrase, to see whether you have changed at all, and whether it may be necessary to make any alterations in the estimate he has made of you. He is quick in detecting any variation. “Why, how is this?” he says. “You say you like A, and yet you used to like B, you know.” He seems rather aggrieved that you did not send him notice of the change, and, in fact, treats you very much as the Registrar-General treats the birth and death rate of the kingdom. Like that functionary he is, he conceives, necessary to your welfare; he firmly believes you could not get on without him. When he pays you a visit of inspection he does not call it a visit. He “looks in on you,” as if he were a sort of Sun, but for whose countenance your life must be an Arctic winter, devoid of light or warmth; and he has a happy knack of looking in on you at moments when your occupation is in some way specially calculated to afford him new material for a note about you. He finds you, let us say, conning the almanac of the year before last, which you have just taken up to see when the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race of that year came off, and at

once pounces upon your employment as a characteristic eccentricity. Naturally you don't care to explain or apologize, in such a case, least of all to him, and down you go forthwith as a person whose habitual oddity is reading old almanacs. While your life and his last he never forgets this circumstance, for his is usually one of those minds which, without a great capacity for a variety of ideas, are remarkable for the tenacity with which they hold any idea they have once taken in. From that time forth when you meet him his greeting is: "Been reading any old almanacs lately; eh?" or (should his interest in you take a less jocular and more earnest tone) if he hears you confess to not having yet had leisure to do something, he gently reminds you of the discovery by remarking that "if you didn't waste your time reading old almanacs you would have plenty of leisure for useful pursuits." It is this air of inquisitive superiority that makes him especially odious. He is always on the look-out for instances of deviation on your part from the line he has chalked out as the only one to be followed. He is always at you with questions of "Why do you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" He is, in short, one of those wearisome people of whom you ask only one favour—that they will leave you alone; which happens to be, of all others, just the favour they cannot bring themselves to grant you.

As I said at the beginning, a little honest self-examination will prove to the satisfaction of any one that he hates a great many more people than he at first supposed. The above are all specimens of definite hatreds, the causes of which are obvious, and which can be explained without invoking the aid of metaphysics. But besides these there is a class of hatreds which cannot be traced to any definite cause. Your dislike of Doctor Fell will sometimes ripen and deepen into the more positive form of antipathy; and in the latter stage, as in the former, the reason why you cannot tell. Or, if you can tell the reason, you cannot persuade yourself that it is a fair and a just reason. Let me give an example to wind up with. You hate—or, at least, if you don't, I do—the man who is everywhere. Arguing the matter with yourself dispassionately, you must admit there is nothing in ubiquity to justify the feeling of hatred, and yet, unless you are a philosopher, it is next to impossible not to hate the man who, wherever you go, is there likewise; against whom you run at every turn; from whom you seem to have no escape; who is, in fact, as far as you are concerned, everywhere. It may be that the animosity is reciprocal, and that he, when *you* make your appearance, also mutters, "Confound that fellow, he's everywhere!" but this, of course, only strengthens the proposition that the feeling is natural, though no doubt irrational. But the most interesting problem is whether the man who is everywhere is absolutely so, or is merely linked by fate with you in particular; whether, when other people get, let us say, a special invitation card requesting the honour of their presence at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Stoke Pogis Athenæum, they also invariably find the man who is everywhere in one of

the best seats, on the best possible terms with the authorities, which is your unfailing experience of him: or is he simply a being whose walk in life is in some mysterious way connected with yours, so that where he goes you are constrained to go, and where you go, there destiny compels him to turn up? As far as the aggravation goes, it matters very little which hypothesis you adopt. Whether or not there are others who are similarly affected, it is sufficient for you that you cannot present yourself at fête or flower-show, private view or morning concert, without encountering the man who is everywhere. It is on the more private occasions that you especially resent his ubiquity. In some nook in the Bavarian highlands, perhaps, you have contracted that sort of acquaintance, which ripens so rapidly under the roof of a mountain inn, with a very pleasant man in knickerbockers, whose *spécialité* seems to be the political complications in Central Europe, but who, when the period for exchanging cards arrives, turns out to be Richard Tinto, R.A., an artist whose works have delighted you many a year. One result is a friendly note, when April comes round, asking you to look in at his studio to see his Academy pictures before the crush comes. You are flattered. It is clear that you have made an impression on Tinto, since he doesn't treat you as one of the common herd, but as a judicious connoisseur, and a person whose friendship is worth cultivating. You go, and the first thing you see is the man who is everywhere sitting critically in front of the "Awakening of Barbarossa" and making a telescope of his hands. He calls Tinto "Dick." Or, say, while taking the waters at Vichy you become rather intimate with Lord Lumbago, who is also going through the course, and his lordship is kind enough to express a hope about meeting in town next season. Strange to say, you do meet, and not only that, but you go to dine at Lumbago House, not a little elated (if you will confess it to yourself) at being on such friendly terms with such a distinguished member of the peerage. But your conceit is soon checked. There, on the hearthrug, stands the man who is everywhere, flapping his handkerchief in an easy quite-at-home sort of fashion. "You know Ubique?" your host remarks, and Ubique "rather thinks you do," and the chances are that the general impression about you is that you are there as Ubique's friend. That he should be everywhere you go is bad enough, but that he should be everywhere a thousand times more at home than you are, this it is which makes him so odious. If you are a guest at one of the princely banquets of the worshipful Company of Pincushion-makers, not only is he a guest also, but he is intimate with the prime warden, and all the magnates, while you only know one common-councilman; and if you travel, not only does he contrive to be on board the same steamboat, but he knows the captain. If this is not a man to be hated, all I can say is, I know nothing about hatred considered as a natural feeling.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER LV.

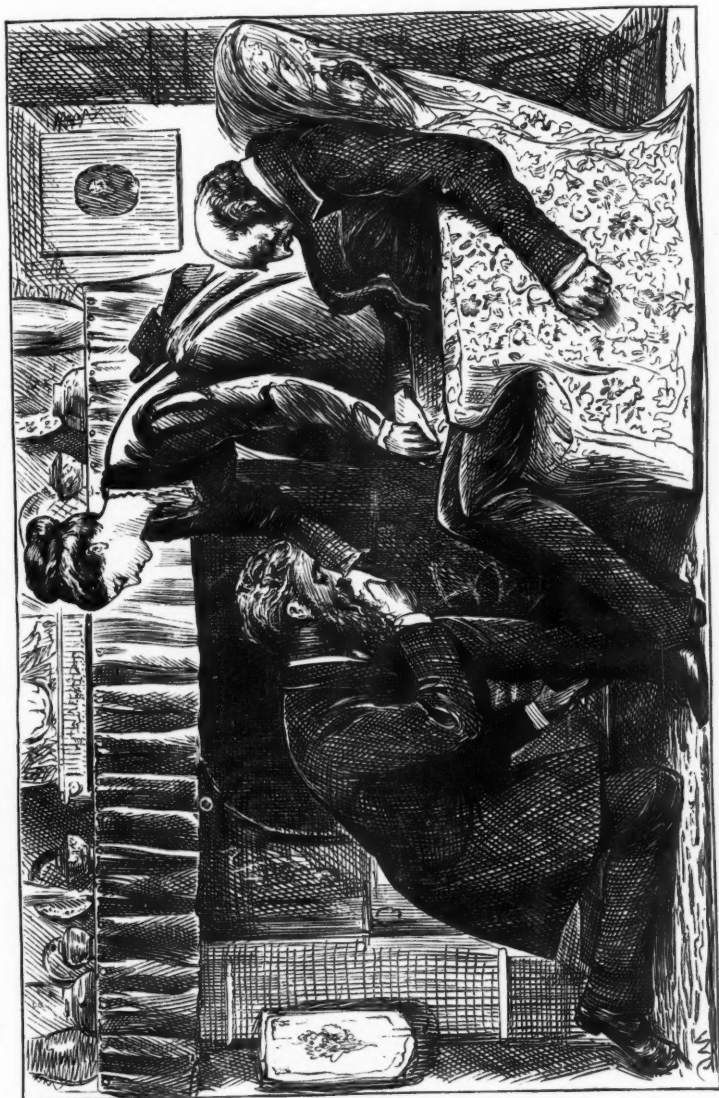
MY RETURN TO ENGLAND.



PASSED from the Alps to the desert, and fell in love with the East, until it began to consume me. History, like the air we breathe, must be in motion to keep us uncorrupt; otherwise its ancient homes are infectious. My passion for the sun and his baked people lasted two years, the drudgery of the habit of voluntary exile one more, and then, quite unawares, I was seized with a thirst for England, so violent that I abandoned a correspondence of several months, lying for me both at Damascus and Cairo, to catch the boat for Europe. A dream of a rainy morning, in the midst of the glowing

furnace, may have been the origin of the wild craving I had for my native land and Janet. The moist air of flying showers and drenched spring buds surrounded her; I saw her plainly lifting a rose's head; was it possible I had ever refused to be her yokefellow? Could so noble a figure of a fair young woman have been offered and repudiated again and again by a man in his senses? I spurned the intolerable idiot, to stop reflection. Perhaps she did likewise now. No, she was faithful to the death! This I repeated hotly, in the belief that it was only to support her praises. My aunt Dorothy and Temple had kept me informed of her simple daily round of life, sometimes in London, mainly at Riversley: she was Janet still. Temple in his latest letter had mentioned 'a Lady Kane' vaguely in connexion with Janet. There was nothing to alarm me save my own eagerness. The news of my father was perplexing, leading me to suppose him re-established in London, awaiting the coming on of his case. Whence the money?

Money and my father, I knew, met as they divided, fortuitously and profusely; in illustration of which, I well remembered, while passing in view of the Key of the Adige along the Lombard plain, a circumstance



ONE HAND SHE WAS OBLIGED TO SURRENDER. I KISSED IT.

d
m
a
w
C
c
h
F
T
t
th
F
“
w
b
s
s
u
a
o
g
h

o
th
it
c
b
n
it
m
O
ri
o
S
a
a
n
th
sp
al
al
L
m
e
to

during my Alpine tour with Temple, of more importance to him than to me, when my emulous friend, who would never be beaten, sprained his ankle severely on the crags of a waterfall, not far from Innsbruck, and was invited into a house by a young English lady, daughter of a retired Colonel of Engineers of our army. The colonel was an exile from his country for no grave crime : but, as he told us, as much an exile as if he had committed a capital offence in being the father of nine healthy girls. He had been, against his judgment, he averred, persuaded to fix on his Tyrolese spot of ground by the two elder ones. Five were now married to foreigners ; thus they repaid him by scattering good English blood on the race of Counts and Freiherrns ! " I could understand the decrees of Providence before I was a parent," said this dear old Colonel Heddon. " I was looking up at the rainbow when I heard your steps, asking myself whether it was seen in England at that instant, and why on earth I should be out of England ! " He lived abroad to be able to dower his girls. His sons-in-law were gentlemen ; so far he was condemned to be satisfied, but supposing all his girls married foreigners ? His primitive frankness charmed us, and it struck me that my susceptible Temple would have liked to be in a position to re-assure him with regard to the Lucy of the four. We were obliged to confess that she was catching a foreign accent. The old colonel groaned. He begged us to forgive him for not treating us as strangers ; his heart leapt out to young English gentlemen.

My name, he said, reminded him of a great character at home, in the old days : a certain Roy-Richmond, son of an actress and somebody, so the story went ; and there was an old Lord Edbury who knew more about it than most. " Now, Roy was an adventurer, but he had a soul of true chivalry, by gad, he had ! Plenty of foreign whiffmajigs are to be found, but you won't come upon a fellow like that. Where he got his money from none knew ; all I can say is, I don't believe he ever did a dirty action for it. And one matter I'll tell you of :—pardon me a moment, Mr. Richmond, I haven't talked English for half a century, or, at least, a quarter. Old Lord Edbury put him down in his will for some thousands, and he risked it to save a lady, who hated him for his pains. Lady Edbury was of the Bolton blood, none of the tameest ; they breed good cavalry men. She ran away from her husband once. The old lord took her back. ' It's at your peril, mind ! ' says she. Well, Roy hears by and by of a fresh affair. He mounted horse ; he was in the saddle, I've been assured, a night and a day, and posted himself between my lady's park-gates and the house, at dusk. The rumour ran that he knew of the marquis playing spy on his wife. However, such was the fact ; she was going off again, and the marquis did play the mean part. She walked down the park-road, and, seeing the cloaked figure of a man, she imagined him to be her Lothario, and very naturally, you will own, fell into his arms. The gentleman in question was an acquaintance of mine ; and the less you follow our example the better for you. It was a damnable period in morals ! He told me that he saw the scene from the gates, where he had his carriage-

and-four ready. The old lord burst out of an ambush on his wife and her supposed paramour; the lady was imprisoned in her rescuer's arms, and my friend retired on tiptoe, which was, I incline to think, the best thing he could do. Our morals were abominable. Lady Edbury would never see Roy-Richmond after that, nor the old lord neither. He doubled the sum he had intended to leave him, though. I heard that he married a second young wife. Roy, I believe, ended by marrying a great heiress and reforming. He was an eloquent fellow, and stood like a general in full uniform, cocked hat and feathers; most amusing fellow at table; beat a Frenchman for anecdote."

I spared Colonel Heddon the revelation of my relationship to his hero, thanking his garrulity for interrupting me.

How I pitied him when I drove past the gates of the main route to Innsbruck! For I was bound homeward, I should soon see England, green cloudy England, the white cliffs, the meadows, the heaths! And I thanked the colonel again in my heart for having done something to reconcile me to the idea of that strange father of mine.

A banner-like stream of morning-coloured smoke rolled north-eastward as I entered London, and I drove to Temple's chambers. He was in court, engaged in a case as junior to his father. Temple had become that radiant human creature, a working man, then! I walked slowly to the court, and saw him there, hardly recognizing him in his wig. All that he had to do was to prompt his father in a case of collision at sea; the barque *Priscilla* had run foul of a merchant brig, near the mouth of the Thames, and though I did not expect it on hearing the vessel's name, it proved to be no other than the barque *Priscilla* of Captain Jasper Welsh. Soon after I had shaken Temple's hand, I was going through the same ceremony with the captain himself, not at all changed in appearance, who blessed his heart for seeing me, cried out that a beard and moustachios made a foreign face of a young Englishman, and was full of the 'providential' circumstance of his having confided his case to Temple and his father.

"Ay, ay, Captain Welsh," said Temple, "we have pulled you through, only another time mind you keep an eye on that look-out man of yours. Some of your men, I suspect, see double with an easy conscience. A close net makes slippery eels."

"Have you anything to say against my men?" the captain inquired.

Temple replied that he would talk to him about it presently, and laughed as he drew me away.

"His men will get him into a deuce of a scrape some day, Richie. I shall put him on his guard. Have you had all my letters? You look made of iron. I'm beginning capitally, not afraid of the Court a bit, and I hope I'm not pert. I wish your father had taken it better!"

"Taken what?" said I.

"Haven't you heard from him?"

"Two or three times; a mass of interjections."

"You know he brought his case forward at last? Of course it went as we all knew it would."

"Where is he? Have you seen Janet lately?"

"He is at Miss Ilchester's house in London."

"Write the address on a card."

Temple wrote it rather hesitatingly, I thought.

We talked of seeing one another in the evening, and I sprang off to Janet's residence, forgetting to grasp my old friend's hand at parting. I was madly anxious to thank her for the unexpected tenderness towards my father. And now nothing stood between us! I would reward her for this! Or, to phrase it becomingly, and more in harmony with my better feelings, I would claim, beg for, the honour and happiness of dedicating my life to her. She was mine, the very image of fidelity! I loved her person, her mind, her soul: I could not but be sure of it now.

Could I be less fiercely sure of myself when I beheld her at last? It was sweeter than the dream of seeing her tending roses. She was seated beside an arm-chair, soothing a sleeper with her hand on his, and he was my father. My aunt Dorothy came up to me and embraced me, murmuring a hush. Janet did not move. The curtains of the room were down: there was a dull red fire in the grate: I heard my father's heavy breathing.

"Harry!" Janet said softly.

I knelt to her.

"My own and only Janet!"

"Do not awaken him," she whispered.

"No, but I am home."

"I am glad."

One hand she was obliged to surrender. I kissed it. She seemed startled at my warmth.

"I cannot wait to say how I love you, my Janet! You have not written to me once. I do not blame you; all the faults are mine. I have learnt to know myself. Why do you take back your hands?"

An exchange of glances, like a flash over a hidden terror, shot between Janet and my aunt Dorothy.

"Did you read aunty's last letter?" Janet asked.

"No recent letters;" said I, checked by the tone of her voice. "Why should I? My truest Janet! I came home for you. On the faith of a man, I love you with all my soul."

"Do not touch me," she said, shrinking from my arm.

The sleeper stirred and muttered.

"We are expecting Harry," my aunt Dorothy said to him.

"Eight Harrys have reigned in England," he ejaculated.

"It is time for your drive," said Janet.

My aunt Dorothy led me out of the room. "He must be prepared

for the sight of you, Harry. The doctors say that a shock may destroy him. Janet treats him so wonderfully."

"She's a little cold to me, aunty. I deserve it, I know. I love her with my whole heart, that's the truth. I believe I have only just woke up."

"You did not receive my last letter, Harry?"

"I've had no letters for nine months and more. By the way, my father's case is over, and that's a good thing; he went like a ship on the rocks. Tell me how it was Janet brought him here. I could swear she has not taken him to Riversley! Has she? And I love her for her obstinacy; anything that's a part of her character!"

"Harry, remember, you wrote cruelly to her!"

"I wrote only once."

"The silence was cruel."

"I will pay all penalties. I will wait her pleasure, be the humblest of wooers."

From the windows of the front drawing-room, where we stood, I saw Janet accepting my father's hand to mount to a seat in her carriage, and he stepped after her, taking her help in return, indebted to it for some muscular assistance, it was plain from the compression of her lips and knitted brows.

"Why does she go without speaking to me again, aunty?"

"She gives him his drive every day, so that he may say he has shown himself. He cannot bear to think people should suppose him beaten, and she is so courted that they have to pay court to him as well."

"How good of her!"

My aunt Dorothy fell to weeping. I pressed her on my heart and cheered her, still praising Janet. She wept the faster.

"Is there anything new the matter?" I said.

"It's not new to us, Harry. I'm sure you're brave?"

"Brave! what am I asked to bear?"

"Much, if you love her, Harry!"

"Speak."

"It is better you should hear it from me, Harry. I wrote you word of it. We all imagined it would not be disagreeable to you. Who could foresee this change in you? She least of all!"

"She's in love with some one?"

"I do not say exactly in love."

"Tell me the worst."

"She is engaged to be married."

CHAPTER LVI.

JANET AND I.

JANET and I were alone.

When your mistress is faithless to you in your absence, and you hear of the infamy, your prompt inquiry is for the name of the man. His name!—just that. Unto what monster has the degraded wretch sunk to link herself?

And that was the question on my mouth after hearing my aunt Dorothy's tidings. But men are not all made alike, and I, burning to ask for it, was silent, dreading a name that would give shape and hue to my hate and envy; for the man chosen by Janet would be pre-eminently manful, not one to be thought little of: and I had no wish to think of him. I very soon escaped from the house, promising to return in the evening or next day. I could not quit the street. So Janet, driving my father back from the park, surprised me pacing up and down; my father had me by the hand, and I was compelled to go in with them.

* The prescription of an hour's rest before dinner withdrew my father; Dorothy Beltham went to dress: Janet remained.

We exchanged steady looks. She was not one to wince from a look.

Whoever the man, the act of the ceremony was as good as performed when Janet gave him her word to wed him.

Her comely face was like marble. She stood upright; I could not fancy it challengingly, but I had expected an abashed or partly remorseful air in the woman who took advantage of my absence to plight herself to another, and my nerves had revelled since the touch of her hand (this unknown man's absolute possession), in descending from the carriage, all the way up to the drawing-room, anticipating the shrewd bitterness of seeing that dim taint of guilt on her conscious figure. She stood gravely attentive.

"Janet, I have to thank you for your great kindness to my father."

"You feel, Harry, that I had to make amends for old unkindness."

"I thank you with all my heart."

"It is my happiness to please you even in trifles."

"This is not a trifle."

"It was no effort to me."

"You found him involved in debts?"

She jerked her shoulders slightly.

"There were debts, which do not exist now."

"You were determined to bind me hand and foot in gratitude?"

"No; only to do what you would have done, as far as it lay in my power."

"I came home imagining you were disengaged."

"Aunt wrote——"

"She did: the letter never reached me: otherwise I should not be here now. Or, who knows? I should have been here earlier."

"You have come, Harry."

"This I can say, Janet, that, through those old days when I was pulled to pieces, and unjust and unkind to you, and Heriot praised you as one who would be the loyalest woman to her husband in all England, I echoed him."

"Well, Harry, I won't thank you for compliments. I think I can keep my word."

"To this man? You are not married yet."

"No," she uttered mechanically.

"Has the marriage been delayed? Pardon me, you seem to speak of it in a tone——"

"I put it off from the winter to summer, Harry, hoping that you would come and be by me at the altar."

"I? Why, what character did you assign to me in it?"

"A friend's, I hoped: my old and best friend's!"

"Why, you and I were as good as betrothed!"

"Surely never!"

"You would have had me help to give you away?"

"I thought I might look to Harry for that."

"Give away what has been mine longer than I can recollect! Give you?—Oh! I talk; I wish I could only feel you the Janet I could have taken and doubled myself with her, as Heriot said. It was, I believe in my heart, you that I loved, Janet. Stand by you and *see* you given away? But I have had you in my arms! I have kissed you! You can't forget me! And to be true, you cannot give yourself except to me. Unless you confess to me that you have quite changed. Make that confession, and there's the end. If you are true you are mine. What is this keeping of the word? You pledge your pride and are afraid to break it for pride's sake. You love, you must love me; you love none but me. I'm as used to it as the air I breathe. Why, good heaven, I could not treat you as the wife of any but myself. I laugh at a marriage-service that pretends to bind you to a law and exclude me. Not only it can't be, but supposing it were, I would not hesitate to break it: and because I have the right; and because I would do right by you. We have been betrothed almost since we were born; certainly since we were children. I know the ways, the turn of your mind, your moods, your habits, from the plainest to the sweetest. Do you not half drop your eyelids? But answer me: can a man with such memories as I have let you go? I claim you for the very reason that you are true, and can't swerve."

Her straightforward intellect was bewildered by these raving sophistries. The marvel of the transformation of me, too, must have added to her momentary sense of helplessness.

"Harry! your last letter!" she said, breathing in pain.

"The letter of a fool, a coxcomb! Is it to punish me for that?"

"Not to punish. But that letter: I searched for a word of love, the smallest sign; I had it on my heart all night to see if I could dream of something better than I found in it:—not one!"

"But I was ruined at the time I wrote it. Reflect! Had I lost such a little? And to fill the cup you shut your doors on my father! I could have excused and accounted for your doing so at a moment when I was less sharply wounded and he less inoffensive. How can I explain my situation to you—you don't understand it. Yet I see myself in your eyes. I'm not a stranger there. Janet, come to me!"

Her voice was hoarse in uttering some protest.

"Is this marriage-day fixed then?" I demanded.

"It is. Let me go now, Harry. Your father likes to see me grandly dressed."

"Does this man dine with you who is to marry you?"

"Not to-day."

"Not he to-day, but I! Your father and mother approve the match?"

"Yes."

"Then it's a nobleman. Am I right?"

"He is of noble birth."

"You speak like a ballad. And it was you that fixed the day?"

"Yes."

"Then you belong to the man!"

"I cannot but think that I do indeed. And now, Harry, let me go."

"One word,—you love him?"

"You must read me by my deeds."

"Come, your deeds have not been of the kindest to me: do you love me?"

"I loved my dear friend Harry, who would once have spared me such a question, if it distressed me," said Janet, and my aunt Dorothy entering the room with my father helped her to fly.

Dining with my shattered father was a dismal feast: dining as Janet's guest after such a conversation as ours had been was no happy privilege. The strangeness of the thought that she was not to belong to me numbed my senses. At intervals a dark flash of fancy pictured her the bride of another, but it seemed too dark, impossible to realize: she talked and smiled too pleasantly to make it credible. She was a woman who would talk and smile while stepping to the altar, perhaps be a little paler; how give her finger to be ringed? Why, the hateful creature would extend it with matter-of-fact simplicity, as she did her hand to the wine-glass: but to whom? who was the man? She was giving it for a title. Her love unsatisfied, she had grown ambitious. The idea of her marrying for social rank cooled and relieved my distemper, but at her expense, for though she complimented me I must despise her! She had resolved that I should owe her much: her management of my father was a miracle of natural sweetness and tact; she helped out his sentences, she divined his unfinished ones. Could it have been predicted that we should ever have sat together on these terms? She affected to relish him. On whose account but Harry Richmond's? Was it merely to do me friendly service? No, she was mine still!

My self-cajoling heart rushed out to her adoringly, more hopelessly captive from every effort to escape. For she was not mine; she never would be. The qualities I loved in her, that made her stand side by side with my bravest manhood, and had once preserved her for me in defiance of coldness, were against me now: my chance had gone.

And studying her acutely in the careless looks one throws at table, I perceived what had not been so visible when we were alone, a singular individual tone in her developed womanliness, a warmth of grace in her temperate nature: the frown was very rare, and the lips would be at play under it. The soft shut lips had a noble repose. She had gained the manner of a perfect young English gentlewoman, without being fashioned after a pattern, without the haunting shadow of primness, which has been charged to the lack of the powers of educated speech in the reputed fairest of earth's ladies. She had learnt the art of dressing, and knew her tricks of colour, my Janet.

"Will you go to the opera for an hour to-night, Harry?" she asked me.

It sounded to me: "Will you run with me and see the man I am plighted to?"

"Yes," I said.

The solemnity of the affirmative amazed her.

My father spoke.

"Richie has a dress-suit in the right-hand drawer of the third compartment of my rosewood wardrobe, and the family watch bequeathed me by my mother lies on it, stopped at a quarter to ten."

His voice broke.

Janet put her hand out to him.

"Yes! Do I not remember? You told us you would keep his 'uniform' for him, so that if he liked he might go into society the moment of his return."

My father said he was a general.

I went up to Janet.

"Will you give me that letter?"

"What letter?"

"The letter you had on your heart all night."

She blushed: she shook her head.

I knew the blush innocent, but it was a blush, and my heart burst out on it like a hound, chasing it through all the shifts and windings of feminine flight. I felt that I was master.

How if the man should be the manly good fellow I supposed him of necessity to be, sincerely fond of her? Why, then I pitied him and loved her none the better for surrendering to me. And in truth she would certainly have chosen no other kind of man than the best of our English blood.

She liked my half-indifferent manner on the road to the opera; I was able to prattle, and we laughed and chatted. My father appeared

somewhat agitated: he sat erect, saying: "I show myself; I show myself." Janet laid her hand in his. "Ay, the most absolute self-command," said he; and with a look on me: "Old Richie!"

My aunt Dorothy accounted for the observation we attracted upon entering the box.

"Janet has been much noticed."

"Do you see the man she is engaged to, aunty?"

She gazed round the house.

"No."

I quitted the box to look at her myself from the outside, and strolled about the lobby only to fall into the clutches of Lady Kane.

"Here, come with me," said this detestable old woman; "I want to talk to you and taste you after your travels."

I had to enter her box and sit beside her.

"I can take liberties with you now; we're almost relatives," said she.

"Really," said I.

"Don't acknowledge it, if you don't like it," she ran on; "I find it quite enough to be great-aunt to one young man. That's a fardel pretty nearly off my shoulders. Well, and how have you been? and what have you seen? Are you going to write a book? Don't. It's bad style. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have put us back six months? I begged, I implored. No. A will of iron! All the better, though we feel the pinch of it just at present. I like a young woman with plenty of will, though it's nasty to find it in opposition. Got rid of your disappointments, poor boy? You mustn't play high stakes without good backing. I shall take you in hand, and train you and set you up. Do you like this opera-shouting? You haven't brought back a Circassian, eh, sir? Hm'm, there's no knowing your tricks. If I'm to do anything for you in the market I must have a full confession. So I said to my monkey, and he went on his knees, and I listened. You are Calibans! You all of you want washing and combing to make you decent."

Her sick old stale-milk-shot eyes wavered across me nimbly while she rattled her licensed double-dowager's jargon, suitable to Edbury's ears.

"You're gloomy," she said, peering intently. One could have imagined her fluttering in suspense like a kite over the fallows.

"I'll tell you what, my lady," said I, for she pressed me obstinately to open my mind to her. "I've been so long out of England that I hardly remember the language, and I am going round the house to take lessons."

"Very well, go along:" she dismissed me: "and call on me tomorrow early. Yes, there he is;" she glanced at Janet's box. "We don't object to her showing him about; I don't mind it a bit for my part; I have no bourgeois prejudices—if she's quite sure he won't break out again. But you've had enough of scandal, eh? You'll take him in hand now you are back. Go, you bronzed boy, and try and finish your

toilet early to-morrow morning: I will see you at eleven. I think I've a match for you in my head."

Janet's eyes dwelt on me a half instant when I resumed my place behind her seat.

"Do you ever see that old woman, Lady Kane?" said I.

She answered: "You have been talking to her."

I threw my remarks into the form of a meditation:

"Some of those old women of society are as intolerable as washing-tub shrews. She couldn't have been more impudent to me or concerning you if she had been bred in the fish-market. Why does one come to be stared at and overhauled in public by a gabbling harriidan!"

"We have to consider whether it is good medicine for our patient," said Janet. "Your father likes it, Harry."

"My dearest, my friend!" I whispered, and saw the edge of the cheek before me burn with crimson colour that stole on like a flood tide round among the short spare wisps of curls free of the up-driving comb on her bare neck. A sight heavenly sweet to see; convincing of my mastery!

I touched her dress. The trial of so true a heart as hers had my sympathy, and I was soothed by the thought that I could in my soul respect her even after I had subdued her, for supposing we had not been in public I would still have refrained from a lover's privileges, and rather have helped her to reflect upon what we, who were under a common spell of love, could best do in reason than have struck her senses.

But it was too hard to sit near that divinely flaming tell-tale neck and face, merely to speak and hear short replies. I fled to an upper circle, where Temple met me and drew me into the box of Anna Penrhys.

She exclaimed: "I am so glad to see you not unhappy!"

"Why should I be?" said I.

"Men change. I wished it once, but if you are satisfied now, we won't any of us complain. I like you the more, Harry, for not being like the majority."

I guessed at her meaning: "Hunting the heiress? no, that's not my pursuit."

"But I'm in love with Janet Ilchester," said Anna warmly. "She has improved him wonderfully."

"My father? yes."

"I was speaking for the moment of a more fortunate person, Harry. Look down there."

I looked down at Janet's box, and beheld the Marquis of Edbury occupying my place.

Anna replied to the look I levelled at her.

"Didn't you know? Lady Kane managed it cleverly, they say. I was one of the surprised, but I am still under thirty."

Temple did me a similar service.

"I wrote you word of the engagement, Richie."

"You told me she had engaged herself to Edbury?" said I, and shut my eyes; for if ever a man had devils within him I had. She must have caught sight of her betrothed lover in the house when she threw me on such an ocean of conceit with her treacherous blush.

CHAPTER LVII.

JANET'S HEROISM.

I WENT to the dear peaceful home of Temple that night, and should have been glad if his sisters had kissed me as they did him.

Next day, having, with Mr. Temple's help, procured a set of furnished chambers, I sent a note to my father by messenger, in which I requested him to come to me immediately.

The answer was Janet's. It ran:—

"MY DEAR HARRY—

"We do not think it prudent to let your father be away from us.

"He watches the door for you. Bear in mind that he has passed through an illness.

"We hope you will not allow it to be later than to-morrow before you visit us.

"Your affectionate

"JANET."

So she attached no idea of shame to her approaching alliance with Edbury. She wrote to me as though she had not in the slightest degree degraded herself!

Janet was a judge of what men were; she must have read him through. Was it that she was actually in secret of the order of women who are partial to rakes, and are moved by the curiosity of their inexperienced kinship? Or had the monstrous old intriguer Lady Kane hoodwinked and spellbound my girl?

I was not to be later than to-morrow in visiting her:—therefore Edbury was expected to-day. It would be as well to see them together, measure them, and consider how they were sorted. "With all my heart I'm sorry for her!" I said. I thought I was cured.

Presently—and this is the bitter curse of love—the whole condition of things passed into imagination, holding proportionate relations to reality, but intense as though I walked in fire, and shivering me with alternate throbs of black and bright.

I despised her: I envied him.

I felt certain that I could outrun him, and I loathed the bestial rivalry.

Her choice of the man painted him insufferably fair to me: the shadow of him upon her distorted her features.

But that shadow gave her a vile attractiveness, and thereof begat a sense of power in me to crush his pretences.

I won her; she was tasteless. I lost her; she was all human life.

Was it not a duty towards the dead as well as the living that I should take her in contempt of reluctance?

Would it not be stirring a devilry for me to interpose?

And so forth; lovers can colour the sketch. It wants the cunning of the hand that sweeps the lyre to sound the incessant revolutions which made day or night for me upon a recurring breath; shocks that were changes of the universe.

The pain of this contest in imagination when passion predominates is, that you can get no succour of trivial material circumstances: things are reduced to their elements. The idea of Edbury, such as he was, would have afflicted me with no jealous pangs: but I had to contemplate him through the eyes of the woman who had chosen him: I could not divorce him from her.

I tried recourse to my brain; I thought calmly—she has a poor mind; I have always known it. The word ‘always’ seized me on a whirlwind, sweeping me backward through the years of our common life to the multitude of incidents, untasted in their sweetness then, to pour it out now like gall.

Ottilia’s worldly and intellectual rank both had been constantly present to temper my cravings; but Janet was on my level—mentally a trifle below it, morally above—hard as metal if she liked. She invited conflicts, she defied subjugation. My old grandfather was right: she would be a true man’s mate. All the more reason for withdrawing her from that loose-lipped Edbury. He had the Bolton blood: I remembered Colonel Heddon’s anecdote of the mother.

My old grandfather said of Janet, “She’s a compassionate thing.” I felt the tears under his speech, and how late I was in getting wisdom. Compassion for Edbury in Janet’s bosom was Lady Kane’s chief engine of assault, so my aunt Dorothy told me. Lady Ilchester had been for this suitor, Sir Roderick for the other, up to the verge of a quarrel between the most united of wedded couples. Janet was persecuted. She heard that Edbury’s life was running to waste; she liked him for his cricketering and hunting, his frankness, seeming manliness, and general native English enthusiasm. I permitted myself to comprehend the case as far as I could allow myself to excuse her.

I went to her house after the lapse of a day. She met me quietly and kindly, but with I know not what hostility of reserve, whose apparent threat of resistance challenged an attack.

“Why do you frown at me?” I commenced.

“Have you forgotten my old habit, Harry? I’m not quite cured of it,” she answered.

“You will soon have nothing to frown at.”

She smiled.

"That sounds like a promise of heaven. Do you mean that I shall not see you, Harry?"

"My dear Janet, I have to tell you this. But first let me ask you: You hold yourself irrevocably plighted to this man Edbury?"

"Yes."

"You have sworn your oath?"

"I do not swear oaths."

"Then you are exceedingly unlike the partner you have selected. You fancy you are bound in honour?"

"I am."

"If you were to learn that you had committed an error, you would still hold yourself bound to take the step?"

"I should hold myself bound not to punish him for my mistake."

"It would not be to punish him to marry him without respecting him!"

"I don't know," said she, suddenly letting her wits break down, and replying like a sullen child at a task; a swing of her skirts would have completed the nice resemblance.

"Well then, Janet, let me tell you I don't respect, and have strong reasons for disliking, the man you propose to yourself for your husband, and therefore, if you become the man's wife——"

"You knew him years ago, Harry. He is different——"

"You imagine you have performed miracles!"

"No, I think most young men are alike." She added softly, "in some things."

This was her superior knowledge of mankind, entirely drawn from my old grandfather's slips of conversation regarding the ways of men, in the presence of the country-bred girl.

"You know nothing whatever of him or us," said I.

She answered, "I know as much as I care to hear."

"Concerning the remainder, it doesn't matter?"

"At least, he has not deceived me."

"He must have pushed his confidences beyond the customary limit!"

"Harry, can you say that he is much worse than other young men?"

It was in the attitude of an inquisitor that I received the thrust full in the breast from my own weapon. Is there, indeed, a choice for purely-trained young women among the flock of males?—if we would offer ourselves to their discriminating eyes as fitting mates upon the ground of purity!

"Oh, quite as intelligent—quite as noble!" I covered my retreat, feeling myself trotting in couples with Edbury and his like, as though at her command.

It enraged me. My conduct grew execrable. I made hot love to her merely to win one clasp of the lost figure in my arms. She listened, fenced, frowned, reddened, and, perhaps, learnt to know more of men in a

minute than she had through the course of her life. Who could respect Edbury's betrothed?

She seemed to apprehend what was overshadowing me: she said: "Harry, it's the loss of my respect for you that's the cruellest."

But she could not rob me of my savage consolation in having fixed a permanent blush on her face. Let the wretch redden for her idiot lover; this bit of crimson was mine. I had stolen a trifle.

The trifle became a boundless treasure, a relic, a horrible back-thought, a thing with a sting, all in the space of a few breathings. I had no pleasure of it, no more than a wild beast has of its bolted meal. Passion has none when you let it run counter to love.

"Harry, I leave you," she said, not ungently; rather to provoke my gentleness.

"Good-by, Janet," I replied.

"We shall see you to-day? to-morrow?"

"Hardly."

She sighed:

"You know your power."

"Power! if I could keep you from throwing yourself away on this fellow, I would renounce every chance of my own. Don't speak to me in those undertones. If you look at me in that manner I won't answer for myself. You tempt me to believe you the faithfulest woman alive; I go abroad, I return to you to lay my life at your feet, and I find I am not to touch you, only to see you at stated hours; you've ring-fenced yourself with the coronet of the loosest titled dog in the country. Was I right or wrong in coming to you, supposing you always true to me: who taught me to think her faithful unto death?"

Janet bent her head.

"I may be a little guilty," she said.

My bounding paradoxes, which were like reason playing contortionist with its cranium between its heels, gained that confession from her. So there had been a struggle and a sense of infidelity in her heart! But the confession of 'a little guilt' coloured her to my blacker taste: the wild beast sprang for another meal.

She submitted: I paid the cost of it. Dead lips, an unyielding shape, and torture on the forehead, make up a vulture's feast.

She left me without a word.

What could she think of me! Madness must have stricken me, and none of the illusions of madness to divert the pain.

I went to my chambers. Behold the carriage of Lady Kane at the door of the house!

"Oh! you really were out!" cried she, staccato. "Why didn't you keep your appointment, naughty fellow? Here, step in, and you shall tell me fie-fie stories of the harem, if you like."

I excused myself for declining the honour bluntly: whereupon she proceeded to business:—My father was very much in the way in Janet's

house. Did I not think it severe upon an ardent lover that neither his relatives nor he himself were permitted to call on her except at hours when it pleased a broken invalid to have a nap. That was all she had to say : I had looked after him so long that in her opinion I was the best nurse possible for him.

I told her I shared the opinion, and I referred her to Janet.

"Oh! dear me, no, I've had enough of that," she said, shuddering ludicrously.

I felt myself a sharer in her particular sentiments likewise.

Her fury for my delightful society was not to be appeased save by the 'positive' promise that I would at once take my father under my own care.

Again I sent for him, hoping to see Janet's handwriting, and taste a new collision.

My aunt Dorothy came.

"Harry, you meant your letter for a command?"

She pressed her bosom for breath.

"The simplest in the world, aunty. My father ought to be with me. He is well-cared for, but he is liable to insult."

"No one is allowed to call but when he is upstairs."

"Yes, so I've heard. I suppose he wishes me to be near him, and as things are you must be aware that I can't well be visiting Janet. And, finally, I have decided on it."

"Do you forget Janet's good influence over him, Harry."

"On the whole, I don't think it better than mine."

"You are resolved?"

"Quite resolved."

"Then I must let you know the truth. I disobey Janet——"

"A miraculous tyrant, upon my honour!"

"In anything that touches your happiness, Harry, yes; as far as she may be now."

Dorothy Beltham waxed strangely agitated. I kissed her and held both her hands.

"It is this, dear Harry; bear to hear it! Janet and I and his good true woman of a housekeeper, whose name is Waddy, we are, I believe, the only persons that know it. He had a large company to dine at a City tavern, she told us, on the night after the decision—when the verdict went against him. The following morning I received a note from this good Mrs. Waddy addressed to Sir Roderick's London house, where I was staying with Janet; it said that he was ill; and Janet put on her bonnet at once to go to him."

"The lady didn't fear contagion any longer?"

"She went, walking fast. He was living in lodgings, and the people of the house insisted on removing him, Mrs. Waddy told us. She was cowering in the parlour. I had not the courage to go upstairs. Janet went by herself."

My heart rose on a huge swell.

"She was alone with him, Harry. We could hear them."

Dorothy Beltham looked imploringly on me to waken my whole comprehension.

"She subdued him. When I saw him he was white as death, but quiet, not dangerous at all."

"Do you mean she found him raving?" I cried out on our Maker's name, in grief and horror.

"Yes, dear Harry, it was so."

"She stepped between him and an asylum?"

"She quitted Sir Roderick's house to lodge your father safe in one that she hired, and have him under her own care. She watched him day and night for three weeks, and governed him, assisted only at intervals by the poor frightened woman, Mrs. Waddy, and just as frightened me. And I am still subject to the poor woman's way of pressing her hand to her heart at a noise. It's over now. Harry, Janet wished that you should never hear of it. She dreads any excitement for him. I think she is right in fancying her own influence the best: he is used to it. You know how gentle she is though she is so firm."

"Oh! don't torture me, ma'am, for God's sake," I called aloud.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MY SUBJECTION.

My aunt Dorothy required good proof that the malady she spoke of had not fallen upon me likewise.

The state of her feelings upon that subject could barely be hidden when she took my arm to walk back to Janet's house. My outeries of misery and perdition had unnerved her.

I said as calmly as possible: "You mentioned her gentleness and firmness, aunty: that set me off. Don't you understand? You needn't be alarmed."

"I understand there is a contrast," Dorothy Beltham said.

Explanations were fruitless to reveal to her how such a contrast so simply spoken would act upon a lover situated as I was, hearing what I heard.

Janet gave me her hand again. I took it with bloodless fingers.

I could not but tell her of the load of debt she laid me under.

"Since you know of it, dear Harry," she said, "you will agree with me that I am likely to be the best nurse for the present."

"You cannot continue it long."

"While I can."

So long as she was free that meant.

She could scarcely have discovered a method of phrasing it so as not

to imply the grievous indication. I was but half cured in spirit, and in heart all one wound : any breath blowing on me from her did me a hurt.

I held a fair way for a time between gentleness and brutality, and then said abruptly : " ' While you can.' I don't know the date."

" What date, Harry ? "

" Of your marriage."

" It is named for next month."

" It is ? that is to say, *you* have named next month and the day of it. I'm thinking of my father. He will have to come to me some days before. You will have to look to your dresses, et cætera. The Marquis of Edbury had the habit, owing to an infantine fondness for amusement, of treating your patient upstairs to his notions of fun."

" They do not meet."

" I know they do not. But while my father is here—' while you can ' look after him, he may instigate the marquis's lively mind to talk of him—volubly, is quite within his capacity."

Irony was loss of pains : she might have been susceptible to the irony of thunder not too finely distilled.

So I thought, seeing her unmoved.

She answered to the point.

" He is not what he was. I hoped you would be friendly to him, Harry, to please me."

" And I will be, to please you."

Soft delight shone through fresh surprise in her face.

These must have been the first kind words I had spoken to her since my return to England.

Happily for myself, I had not to accuse my heart of intending them two-edged.

I dropped into a flat sincerity like a condition of stupor.

The description of the bond of alliance between Janet and Edbury—could it by any ingenuity be analyzed ? Not without once beholding them together. I waited for that dreary spectacle to gain the bitter advance in wisdom for which I thirsted. Even to so low a condition did I descend, who had once made of each day a step in philosophy, dragging a heart, it was true, but not the slave of my burden.

There came to me a little note on foreign paper, unaddressed, an enclosure forwarded by Janet, and containing merely one scrap from the playful XENIEN of Ottilia's favourite brotherly poets, of untranslatable flavour :—

Who shuns true friends flies fortune in the concrete :
Would he see what he aims at ? let him ask his heels.

It filled me with a breath of old German peace.

From this I learnt that Ottilia and Janet corresponded. Upon what topics ? to what degree of intimacy ?

Janet now confessed to me that their intimacy had never known reserve.

The princess had divined her attachment for Harry Richmond when their acquaintance was commenced in the island, and knew at the present moment that I had travelled round to the recognition of Janet's worth.

Thus encouraged by the princess's changeless friendship, I wrote to her, leaving little to be guessed of my state of mind, withholding nothing of the circumstances surrounding me. Imagination dealt me all my sharpest misery, and now that Otilia resumed her place there, I became infinitely peacefuller, and stronger to subdue my hungry nature. It caused me no pang, strangely though it read in my sight when written, to send warm greetings and respects to the prince, her husband.

I could afterwards meet the Marquis of Edbury with sufficient self-containment to make civility an easy matter, nay, to be glad of the improvement manifest in him. He paid his betrothed a morning visit. I had been summoned early to the house to see my father, and had stepped down from his bed-room. The meeting was a surprise. Janet stood up to make the best of it. Edbury came to me affably, much less in his reeling style, with the freshest of faces, 'jocund,' if you like; a real morning air, allowing for the redolent cosmetics and tobacco upon his person.

"Delighted to see you, Richmond. Brown as a Turk, by Jove! How are you? Fellows that go to the East come back like brown-paper parcels marked 'fireworks:' you never can get anything out of them except with a lucifer. Lots to tell? We had jolly hunting this year. If ever I go it won't be in the winter; I'm headlong for winter in England; so's Janet. She and I usually lead the field, and when you're alone with a woman at the tail of the hounds on a straight scent, by Jove, it's awfully jolly!"

These were his memorable words. He had not yet mastered the whole of our alphabet, certain consonants of which I supply for him.

Janet talked rapidly with him. She treated him as a lad.

Expression of any ulterior sentiment regarding him in her bosom she showed me none. Many a high-flying young lady similarly situated would, I suspect, have propitiated the critical third person of the three with some slight token of individual loftiness. I should have relished her better at the moment had she done so. She appeared to me like a humane upper-boy, who has an odd liking for a lively dolt—to be accounted for by the latter having a pretty sister at home.

He succeeded, however, in persuading her to drive to the North and South Cricket-Match. Perhaps she wished to give me a sign of her dependency: I could not tell.

At night she sent for me. The hour was late, the case urgent. I sympathized with Lady Ilchester in her desire that Janet should be spared the task of watching my father; it inflicted a grave and ceaseless anxiety, and, as he constantly cried for me in my absence, I thought I might take him; but my aunt Dorothy said his call for Janet was wilder.

I found that Janet had soothed him to sleep. All the household were at rest. We sat together on the central ottoman of the drawing-room

conversing at intervals with low voices. The physicians declared my father's affliction to be one of the nerves, not of the brain, she said; and confirmed their opinion from her own experience. She was very tired, but could not sleep—was happy, she said, now that I was in the house, and betweenwhiles shut her eyes, breathing deeply, and opened them wide to listen. No sound disturbed us. The nurse attending on him came down once to inform us that he slept still.

"Harry, this is nice, our sitting so quiet here," Janet said.

"You sigh?"

"I am tired, Harry."

"Why not go to bed?"

"I can't: I shall not sleep."

"He will soon be on my hands."

"Let me think you will not have trouble, Harry."

Her look was sorrowful: I steeled my heart to endurance.

Is it any waste of time to write of love? The trials of life are in it, but in a narrow ring and a fierier. You may learn to know yourself through love, as you do after years of life, whether you are fit to lift them that are about you, or whether you are but a cheat, and a load on the backs of your fellows. The impure perishes, the inefficient languishes, the moderate comes to its autumn of decay—these are of the kinds which aim at satisfaction, to die of it soon or late. The love that survives has strangled craving; it lives because it lives to nourish and succour like the heavens.

But to strangle craving is indeed to go through a death before you reach your immortality.

Janet and I sat long into the night, not uttering one word of love.

"Morning's outside," I said.

She answered, "I don't know what morning is."

"You have a dark line under your eyes."

"My own doing."

"Mine."

"Then it will not disfigure me."

We gazed at the clock on the mantelpiece, named the hour, and forgot the hour.

When we parted she kissed me—she bent over to me at half arm's-length, and put her lips to my cheek.

Might I then have overcome her resolution by taking advantage of the thankful tenderness which blessed me for respecting her?

Forms of violation that trample down another's will are pardonable—can well be justified in the broad working world, considering what it is composed of. If you admit the existence of a more delicate and a higher world, you understand that I did not lose by abnegation. My love for my Janet partly slipped the senses into reason, and pity and esteem brought back hers for me. In plainer words, I began to love her as an honest man should love; she me, as a plighted woman should not, and the struggle in me diminished, in her was greater.

CHAPTER LIX.

I MEET MY FIRST PLAYFELLOW AND TAKE MY PUNISHMENT.

I was taken by Temple down to the ship-smelling East of London, for the double purpose of trying to convince Captain Welsh of the extravagance of a piece of chivalry he was about to commit, and of seeing a lady with a history, who had recently come under his guardianship. Temple thought I should know her, but he made a mystery of it until the moment of our introduction arrived, not being certain of her identity, and not wishing to have me disappointed. It appeared that Captain Welsh questioned his men closely after he had won his case, and he arrived at the conclusion that two or three of them had been guilty of false swearing in his interests. He did not dismiss them, for, as he said, it was twice a bad thing to turn sinners loose: it was to shove them out of the direct road of amendment, and it was a wrong to the population. He insisted, however, on paying the legal costs and an indemnity for the collision at sea; and Temple was in great distress about it, he having originally suggested the suspicion of his men to Captain Welsh. "I wanted to put him on his guard against those rascals," Temple said, "and I suppose," he sighed, "I wanted the old captain to think me enormously clever all round." He shook himself, and assumed a bearish aspect, significant of disgust and recklessness. "The captain 'll be ruined, Richie; and he's not young, you know, to go on sailing his barque Priscilla for ever. If he pays, why, I ought to pay, and then you ought to pay, for I shouldn't have shown off before him alone, and then the wind that fetched you ought to pay. Toss common sense overboard, there's no end to your finedrawings; that's why it's always safest to swear by the judge."

We rolled down to the masts among the chimneys on the top of an omnibus. The driver was eloquent on cricket-matches. Now, cricket, he said, was fine manly sport; it might kill a man, but it never meant mischief: foreigners themselves had a bit of an idea that it was the best game in the world, though it was a nice joke to see a foreigner playing at it! None of them could stand to be bowled at. Hadn't stomachs for it: they'd have to train for soldiers first. On one occasion he had seen a Frenchman looking on at a match. "Ball was hit a shooter twixt the slips: off starts Frenchman, catches it, heaves it up, like his head, half-way to wicket, and all the field set to bawling at him, and sending him, we knew where. He tripped off: 'You no compronng politeness in dis country.' Ha! ha!"

To prove the aforesaid Frenchman wrong, we nodded to the driver's laughter at his exquisite imitation.

He informed us that he had backed the Surrey Eleven last year, owing to the report of a gentleman-bowler, who had done things in the way of tumbling wickets to tickle the ears of cricketers. Gentlemen-

batters were common; gentlemen-bowlers were quite another dish. Saddlebank was the gentleman's name.

"Old Nandrew Saddle?" Temple called to me, and we smiled at the supposition of Saddlebank's fame, neither of us, from what we had known of his bowling, doubting that he deserved it.

"Acquainted with him, gentlemen?" the driver inquired, touching his hat. "Well, and I ask why don't more gentlemen take to cricket? 'stead of horses all round the year! Now, there's my notion of happiness," said the man condemned to inactivity, in the perpetual act of motion; "cricket in cricket season! It comprises—count: lots o' running; and that's good: just enough o' taking it easy; that's good: a appetite for your dinner, and your ale or your port, as may be the case; good, number three. Add on a tired pipe after dark, and a sound sleep to follow, and you say good morning to the doctor and the parson; for you're in health body and soul, and ne'er a parson 'll make a better Christian of ye, that I'll swear."

As if anxious not to pervert us, he concluded: "That's what I think, gentlemen."

Temple and I talked of the ancient raptures of a first of May cricketing-day on a sunny green meadow, with an ocean of a day before us, and well-braced spirits for the match. I had the vision of a matronly but not much altered Janet, mounted on horseback, to witness the performance of some favourite Eleven of youngsters with her connoisseur's eye; and then the model of an English lady, wife, and mother, waving adieu to the field and cantering home to entertain her husband's guests. Her husband!

Temple was aware of my grief, but saw no remedy. I knew that in his heart he thought me justly punished, though he loved me.

We had a long sitting with Captain Welsh, whom I found immovable, as I expected I should. His men, he said, had confessed their sin similarly to the crab in a hole, with one claw out, as the way of sinners was. He blamed himself mainly. "Where you have accidents, Mr. Richmond, you have faults; and where you have faults aboard a ship you may trace a line to the captain. I should have treated my ship's crew like my conscience, and *gone through them nightly*. As it is, sir, here comes round one of your accidents to tell me I have lived blinded by conceit. That is my affliction, my young friend. The payment of the money is no more so than to restore money held in trust."

Temple and I argued the case with him, as of old on our voyage on board the barque Priscilla, quite unavailingly.

"Is a verdict built on lies one that my Maker approves of?" said he. "If I keep possession of that money, my young friends, will it clothe me? Ay, with stings! Will it feed me? Ay, with poison. And they that should be having it shiver and want!"

He was emphatic, as he would not have been, save to read as an example, owing to our contention with him. "The money is Satan in my very hands!" When he had dismissed the subject he never returned to it.

His topic of extreme happiness, to which Temple led him, was the rescue of a beautiful sinner from a life of shame. It appeared that Captain Welsh had the habit between his voyages of making one holiday expedition to the spot of all creation he thought the fairest, Richmond Hill, overlooking the Thames; and there, one evening, he espied a lady in grief, and spoke to her, and gave her consolation. More, he gave her a blameless home. The lady's name was Mabel Bolton. She was in distress of spirit rather than of circumstances, for temptation was thick about one so beautiful, to supply the vanities and luxuries of the father of sin. He described her.

She was my first playfellow, the miller's daughter of Dipwell, Mabel Sweetwinter, taken from her home by Lord Edbury during my German university career, and now put away by him upon command of Lady Kane on the eve of his marriage.

She herself related her history to me, after telling me that she had seen me once at the steps of Edbury's club. Our meeting was no great surprise to either of us. She had heard my name as that of an expected visitor; she had seen Temple, moreover, and he had prompted me with her Christian name and the praise of her really glorious hair, to anticipate the person who was ushered into the little cabin-like parlour by Captain Welsh's good old mother.

Of Edbury she could not speak for grief, believing that he loved her still and was acting under compulsion. Her long and faithful attachment to the scapegrace seemed to preserve her from the particular regrets Captain Welsh supposed to occupy her sinner's mind; so that, after some minutes of the hesitation and strangeness due to our common recollections, she talked of him simply and well—as befitted her situation, a worldling might say. But she did not conceal her relief in escaping to this quaint little refuge (she threw a kindly-comical look, not over-toned, at the miniature ships on the mantelpiece, and the picture of Joseph leading Mary with her babe on the ass) from the temptations I could imagine a face like hers would expose her to. The face was splendid, the figure already overblown. I breathed some thanks to my father while she and I conversed apart. The miller was dead, her brother in America. She had no other safe home than the one Captain Welsh had opened to her. When I asked her (I had no excuse for it) whether she would consent to go to Edbury again, she reddened and burst into tears. I cursed my brutality. "Let her cry," said Captain Welsh on parting with us at his street-door. "Tears are the way of women and their comfort."

To our astonishment he told us he intended to take her for a voyage in the *Priscilla*. "Why?" we asked.

"I take her," he said, "because not to do things wholly is worse than not to do things at all, for it's waste of time and cause for a chorus below, down in hell, my young friends. The woman is beautiful as Solomon's bride. She is weak as water. And the man is wicked. He has written to her a letter. He would have her reserved for himself, a

wedded man : such he is, or is soon to be. I am searching, and she is not deceitful ; and I am a poor man again and must go the voyage. I wrestled with her, and by grace I conquered her to come with me of a free will, and be out of his snares. Aboard I do not fear him, and she shall know the mercy of the Lord on high seas."

We grimaced a little on her behalf, but had nothing to reply.

Seeing Janet after Mabel was strange. In the latter one could perceive the palpably suitable mate for Edbury. I felt that my darling was insulted, but there were no amends for it. I had to keep silent and mark the remorseless preparations going forward. Not so Heriot. He had come over from the camp in Ireland on leave at this juncture. His talk of women still suggested the hawk with the downy feathers of the last little plucked bird sticking to his beak ; but his appreciation of Janet and some kindness for me made him a vehement opponent of her resolve. He took license of his friendship to lay every incident before her to complete his persuasions. She resisted his attacks, as I knew she would, obstinately, and replied to his entreaties with counter-supplications that he should urge me to accept old Riversley. The conflicts went on between those two daily, and I heard of them from Heriot at night. He refused to comprehend her determination under the head of anything save madness. Varied by reproaches of me for my former inveterate blindness, he raved upon Janet's madness incessantly, swearing that he would not be beaten. I told him his efforts were useless, but thought them friendly, and so they were, only Janet's resistance had fired his vanity, and he stalked up and down my room talking a mixture of egregious coxcombry and hearty good sense that might have shown one the cause he meant to win had become personal to him. Temple, who was sometimes in consultation with him, and was always amused by his quasi-fanfaronade, assured me that Heriot was actually scheming. The next we hear of him was that he had been seen at a whitebait hotel down the river drunk with Edbury. Janet also heard of that, and declined to see Heriot again. I received a smart letter on the subject from Lady Kane, glad that in my conscience I could despise it. The old woman worked zealously for her monkey, as she called him. I contrasted her labours with those of my friends ; Temple with a wig on half his time, and Heriot the boastful emptying bottles. Other friends, notably Charles Etherell, were kind in what they said of the prospects of a future career for me ; but a young man does not commonly realize a prospect without the vision of himself in it, and the Harry Richmond of the days to come appeared a stricken wretch, a bare half of a man, a sight from which one gladly turns one's face to the wall.

Our last days marched frightfully fast. Janet had learnt that any the most distant allusion to her marriage-day was an anguish to the man who was not to marry her, so it was through my aunt Dorothy that I became aware of Julia Bulsted's kindness in offering to take charge of my father for a term. Lady Sampleman undertook to be hostess to him

for one night, the eve of Janet's nuptials. He was quiet, unlikely to give annoyance to persons not strongly predisposed to hear sentences finished and exclamations fall into their right places.

Adieu to my darling! There have been women well won; here was an adorable woman well lost. After twenty years of slighting her, did I fancy she would turn to me and throw a man over in reward of my ultimate recovery of my senses? Did I fancy that one so tenacious as she had proved would snap a tie depending on her pledged word? She liked Edbury; she saw the best of him, and liked him. The improved young lord was her handiwork. After the years of humiliation from me, she had found herself courted by a young nobleman who clung to her for help, showed improvement, and brought her many compliments from a wondering world. She really felt that she was strength and true life to him. She resisted Heriot: she resisted a more powerful advocate, and this was the Princess Ottilia. My aunt Dorothy told me that the princess had written. Janet either did or affected to weigh the princess's reasonings; and she did not evade the task of furnishing a full reply. Her resolution was unchanged. Loss of colour, loss of light in her eyes, were the sole signs of what it cost her to maintain it. Our task was to transfer the idea of Janet to that of Julia in my father's whirling brain, which at first rebelled violently, and cast it out like a stick thrust between rapidly-revolving wheels. He said things that would have melted another than iron Janet.

The night before I was to take him away, she gave me her hand with a "good-by, dear Harry." My words were much the same. She had a ghastly face, but could not have known it, for she smiled, and tried to keep the shallow smile in play, as friends do. There was the end.

It came abruptly, and was schoolingly cold and short.

It had the effect on me of freezing my blood and setting what seemed to be the nerves of my brain at work in a fury of calculation to reckon the minutes remaining of her maiden days. I had expected nothing, but now we had parted I thought that one last scene to break my heart on should not have been denied to me. My aunt Dorothy was a mute; she wept when I spoke of Janet, whatever it was I said.

The minutes ran on from circumstance to circumstance of the destiny Janet had marked for herself, each one rounded in my mind of a blood colour like the edge about prismatic hues. I lived through them a thousand times before they occurred, as the wretch who fears death dies multitudinously.

Some womanly fib preserved my father from a shock on leaving Janet's house. She left it herself at the same time that she drove him to Lady Sampleman's, and I found him there soon after she had gone to her bridesmaids. A letter was for me:—

"DEAR HARRY—

"I SHALL not live at Riversley, never go there again; do not let it be sold to a stranger; it will happen, unless you go there. For the sake

of the neighbourhood and poor people, I cannot allow it to be shut up. I was the cause of the chief misfortune. You never blamed me. Let me think that the old place is not dead. Adieu,

“Your affectionate

“JANET.”

I tore the letter to pieces, and kept them.

The aspect of the new intolerable world I was to live in after to-morrow paralyzed sensation. My father chattered, Lady Sampleman hushed him; she said I might leave him to her, and I went down to Captain Welsh to bid him good-by and get such peace as contact with a man clad in armour proof against earthly calamity could give.

I was startled to see little Kiomi in Mabel's company. They had met accidentally at the head of the street, and had been friends in childhood, Captain Welsh said, adding: “She hates men.”

“Good reason, when they're beasts,” said Kiomi.

He looked at the babe in her arms.

Kiomi sucked her throat in at a question of mine.

“I shan't do you mischief this time,” she said.

Amid much weeping of Mabel and old Mrs. Welsh, Kiomi showed as little trouble as the heath when the woods are swept.

Captain Welsh wanted Mabel to be on board early, owing, he told me, to information. Kiomi had offered to remain on board with her until the captain was able to come. He had business to do in the City.

We saw them off from the waterside.

“Were I to leave that young woman behind me, on shore, I should be giving the devil warrant to seize upon his prey,” said Captain Welsh, turning his gaze from the boat which conveyed Kiomi and Mabel to the barque Priscilla. He had information that the misleader of her youth was hunting her.

He and I parted, and for ever, at a corner of cross-ways in the central city. There I saw the last of one who deemed it as simple a matter to renounce his savings for old age to rectify an error of justice, as to plant his foot on the pavement; a man whose only burden was the folly of men.

I thought to myself in despair, under what protest can I also escape from England and my own intemperate mind? It seemed a miraculous answer:—There lay at my chambers a note written by Count Lika, stating that his chief wished to see me urgently, and I went to the embassy, and heard of an Austrian ship of war being at one of our ports upon an expedition to the East, and was introduced to the captain, a gentlemanly fellow, like most of the officers of his Government. Finding in me a German scholar, and a joyful willingness, he engaged me to take the post of secretary to the expedition in the place of the invalided Freiherr von Redwitz, whose short experience of sea-voyaging down the Adriatic and across our channel had sickened him. The bargain was struck immediately: I was to be

ready to report myself to the captain on board not later than the following day. Count Kesensky led me aside: he regretted that he could do nothing better for me; but I thought his friendliness extreme and astonishing, and said so; whereupon the count assured me that his intentions were good, though he had not been of great use hitherto—an allusion to the borough of Chippenden: he had only heard of von Redwitz's illness that afternoon. I thanked him cordially, saying I was much in his debt, and he bowed me out, letting me fancy, as my father had fancied before me, and as though I had never observed and reflected in my life, that the opportuneness of this intervention signified a special action of Providence. The flattery of the thought served for an elixir. But with whom would my father abide during my absence? Captain Bulsted and Julia saved me from a fit of remorse: they had come up to town on purpose to carry him home with them, and had left a message on my table, and an invitation to dinner at their hotel, where the name of Janet was the Marino Faliero of our review of Riversley people and old times. The captain and his wife were indignant at her conduct. Since, however, I chose to excuse it, they said they would say nothing more about her, and she was turned face to the wall. I told them how Janet had taken him for months. "But I'll take him for years," said Julia. "The truth is, Harry, my old dear! William and I are never so united—for I'm ashamed to quarrel with him—as when your father's at Bulsted. He belongs to us, and other people shall know you're not obliged to depend on your family for help, and your aunt Dorothy can come and see him whenever she likes." That was settled. Captain Bulsted went with me to Lady Sampleman's to prepare my father for the change of nurse and residence. We were informed that he had gone down with Alderman Duke Saddlebank to dine at one of the great City Companies' halls. I could hardly believe it. "Ah! my dear Mr. Harry," said Lady Sampleman, "old friends know one another best, believe that, now. I treated him as if he was as well as ever he was, gave him his turtle and madeira lunch; and Alderman Saddlebank, who lunched here—your father used to say, he looks like a robin hopping out of a larder—quite jumped to dine him in the city like old times; and he will see a great spread of plate!"

She thought my father only moderately unwell, wanting novelty. Captain Bulsted agreed with me that it would be prudent to go and fetch him. At the door of the City hall stood Andrew Saddlebank, grown to be simply a larger edition of Rippenger's head boy, and he imparted to us that my father was "on his legs" delivering a speech. It alarmed me. With Saddlebank's assistance I pushed in.

"A prince! a treacherous lover! an unfatherly man!"

Those were the words I caught. Conceive my amazement to hear the reproduction of many of my phrases employed in our arguments on this very subject!

He bade his audience to beware of princes, beware of idle princes; and letting his florid fancy loose on these eminent persons, they were

at one moment silver lamps, at another poising hawks, and again sprawling pumpkins; anything except useful citizens. How could they be? They had the attraction of the lamp, the appetite of the hawk, the occupation of the pumpkin: nothing was given them to do but to shine, destroy, and fatten. Their hands were kept empty: a trifle in their heads would topple them over; they were monuments of the English system of compromise. Happy for mankind if they were monuments only! Happy for them! But they had the passions of men. The adulation of the multitude was raised to inflate them, whose self-respect had not one prop to rest on, unless it were contempt for the flatterers and prophetic foresight of their perfidy. They were the monuments of a compromise between the past and terror of the future; puppets as princes, mannikins as men, the snares of frail women, stop-gaps of the State, feathered nonentities!

So far (but not in epigram) he marshalled the things he had heard to his sound of drum and trumpet, like one repeating a lesson off-hand. Steering on a sudden completely round, he gave his audience an outline of the changes He would have effected had he but triumphed in his cause; and now came the lashing of arms, a flood of eloquence. Princes with brains, princes leaders, princes flowers of the land, he had offered them! princes that should sway assemblies, and not stultify the precepts of a decent people "by making you pay in the outrage of your morals for what you seem to gain in policy." These or similar words. The whole scene was too grotesque and afflicting. But his command of his hearers was extraordinary, partly a consolation I thought, until, having touched the arm of one of the gentlemen of the banquet and said, "I am his son; I wish to remove him," the reply enlightened me: "I'm afraid there's danger in interrupting him; I really am."

They were listening obediently to one whom they dared not interrupt for fear of provoking an outburst of madness!

I had to risk it. His dilated eyes looked ready to seize on me for an illustration. I spoke peremptorily, and he bowed his head low, saying, "My son, gentlemen," and submitted himself to my hands. The feasters showed immediately that they felt released by rising and chatting in groups. Alderman Saddlebank expressed much gratitude to me for the service I had performed. "That first half of your father's speech was the most pathetic thing I ever heard!" I had not shared his privilege, and could not say; it may have been good. The remark was current that a great deal was true of what had been said of the Fitzs. My father leaned heavily on my arm with the step and bent head of an ancient pensioner of the Honourable City Company. He was Julia Bulsted's charge, and I was on board the foreign vessel weighing anchor from England before dawn of Janet's marriage-day.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

THE wind was high that morning. The rain came in gray rings, through which we worked on the fretted surface of crumbling seas, heaving up and plunging, without an outlook.

I remember having thought of the barque *Priscilla* as I watched our lithe Dalmatians slide along the drenched decks of the *Verona* frigate. At night it blew a gale. I could imagine it to have been sent providentially to brush the torture of the land from my mind, and make me feel that men are trifles.

What are their passions, then ? The storm in the clouds—even more short-lived than the clouds.

I philosophized, but my anguish was great.

Janet's "Good-by, Harry," ended everything I lived for, and seemed to strike the day, and bring out of it the remorseless rain. A featureless day, like those before the earth was built ; like night under an angry moon ; and each day the same until we touched the edge of a southern circle and saw light, and I could use my brain.

The matter most present to me was my injustice regarding my poor father's speech in the City hall. He had caused me to suffer so much that I generally felt for myself when he appealed for sympathy, or provoked some pity : but I was past suffering, and letting kindly recollection divest the speech of its verbiage, I took it to my heart. It was true that he had in his blind way struck the key-note of his position, much as I myself had conceived it before harsh trials had made me think of my own fortunes more than of his. This I felt, and I thought there never had been so moving a speech. It seemed to make the world in debt to us. What else is so consolatory to a ruined man ?

In reality the busy little creature within me, whom we call self, was digging pits for comfort to flow in, of any kind, in any form ; and it seized on every idea, every circumstance, to turn it to that purpose, and with such success that when by-and-by I learnt how entirely inactive special providence had been in my affairs, I had to collect myself before I could muster the conception of gratitude towards the noble woman who clothed me in the illusion. It was to the Princess Ottilia, acting through Count Kesensky, that I owed both my wafting away from England at a wretched season, and my chance of a career in Parliament ! The captain of the *Verona* hinted as much when, after a year and nine months of voyaging, we touched at an East Indian seaport, and von Redwitz joined the vessel to resume the post I was occupying. Von Redwitz (the son of Prince Ernest's Chancellor, I discovered,) could have told me more than he did, but he handed me a letter from the princess, calling me home urgently, and even prescribing my route, and bidding me come straight to Germany and to Sarkeld. The summons was distasteful, for I had settled

into harness under my scientific superiors, and had proved to my mess-mates that I was neither morose nor over-conceited. Captain Martinitz, however, persuaded me to return, and besides, there lay between the lines of Ottilia's letter a signification of welcome things better guessed at than known. Was I not bound to do her bidding? Others had done it: young von Redwitz, for instance, in obeying the telegraph wires and feigning sickness to surrender his place to me, when she wished to save me from misery by hurrying me to new scenes with a task for my hand and head;—no mean stretch of devotion on his part. Ottilia was still my princess; she my providence. She wrote:—

“Come home, my friend Harry: you have been absent too long. He who intercepts you to displace you has his career before him in the vessel, and you nearer home. The home is always here where I am, but it may now take root elsewhere, and it is from Ottilia you hear that delay is now really loss of life. I tell you no more. You know me, that when I say come, it is enough.”

A simple adieu and her name ended the mysterious letter. Not a word of Prince Hermann. What had happened? I guessed at it curiously and incessantly, and only knew the nature of my suspicion by ceasing to hope as soon as I seemed to have divined it. I did not wrong my soul's high mistress beyond the one flash of tentative apprehension which in perplexity struck at impossibilities. Ottilia would never have summoned me to herself. But was Janet free? The hope which refused to live in that other atmosphere of purest calm, sprang to full stature at the bare thought, and would not be extinguished though all the winds beset it. Had my girl's courage failed, to spare her at the last moment? I fancied it might be: I was sure it was not so. Yet the doubt pressed on me with the force of a world of unimagined shifts and chances, and just kept the little flame alive, at times intoxicating me, though commonly holding me back to watch its forlorn conflict with probabilities known too well. It cost me a struggle to turn aside to Germany from the Italian highroad. I chose the line of the Brenner, and stopped half a day at Innsbruck to pay a visit to Colonel Heddon, of whom I had the joyful tidings that two of his daughters were away to go through the German form of the betrothal of one of them to an Englishman. The turn of the tide had come to him. And it comes to me, too, in a fresh spring tide whenever I have to speak of others instead of this everlastingly recurring I of the autobiographer, of which the complacent penman has felt it to be his duty to expose the mechanism when out of action, and which, like so many of our sins of commission, appears in the shape of a terrible offence when the occasion for continuing it draws to a close. The pleasant narrator in the first person is the happy bubbling fool, not the philosopher who has come to know himself and his relations towards the universe. The words of this last are one to twenty; his mind is bent upon the causes of events rather than their progress. As you see me on the page now, I stand somewhere between the two, approximating to the former, but with

sufficient of the latter within me to tame the delightful expansiveness proper to that coming hour of marriage-bells and bridal-wreaths. It is a sign that the end, and the delivery of reader and writer alike, should not be dallied with. The princess had invited Lucy Heddon to Sarkeld to meet Temple, and Temple to meet me. Onward I flew. I saw the old woods of the lake-palace, and, as it were, the light of my past passion waning above them. I was greeted by the lady of all nobility with her gracious warmth, and in his usual abrupt manful fashion by Prince Hermann. And I had no time to reflect on the strangeness of my stepping freely under the roof where a husband claimed Otilia, before she led me into the library, where sat my lost and recovered, my darling; and, unlike herself, for a moment faltered in rising and breathing my name. We were alone. I knew she was no bondswoman. The question how it had come to pass lurked behind everything I said and did; speculation on the visible features, and touching of the unfettered hand, restrained me from uttering or caring to utter it. But it was wonderful. It thrust me back on providence again for the explanation—humbly this time. It was wonderful and blessed, as to loving eyes the first-drawn breath of a drowned creature restored to life. I kissed her hand passionately. "Wait till you have heard everything, Harry," she said, and her voice was deeper, softer, exquisitely strange in its known tones, as her manner was, and her eyes. She was not the blooming, straight-shouldered, high-breathing girl of other days, but sister to the day of her "Good-by, Harry," pale and worn. The eyes had wept. This was Janet, haply widowed. She wore no garb nor a shade of widowhood. Perhaps she had thrown it off, not to offend an implacable temper in me. I said, "I shall hear nothing that can make you other than my own Janet—if you will?"

She smiled a little. "We expected Temple's arrival sooner than yours, Harry."

"Do you take to his Lucy?"

"Yes, thoroughly."

The perfect ring of Janet was there.

Mention of Riversley made her conversation lively, and she gave me moderately good news of my father, quaint, out of Julia Bulsted's latest letter to her.

"Then how long," I asked, astonished, "how long have you been staying with the princess?"

She answered, colouring, "So long, that I can speak fairish German."

"And read it easily?"

"I have actually taken to reading, Harry."

Her courage must have quailed, and she must have been looking for me on that morning of miserable aspect when I beheld the last of England through wailful showers, like the scene of a burial. I did not speak of it, fearing to hurt her pride, but said, "Have you been here—months?"

"Yes, some months," she replied.

"Many?"

"Yes," she said, and dropped her eyelids, and then, with a quick look at me, "Wait for Temple, Harry. He is a day behind his time. We can't account for it."

I suggested, half in play, that perhaps he had decided, for the sake of a sea voyage, to come by our old route to Germany on board the bark *Priscilla*, with Captain Welsh.

A faint shudder passed over her. She shut her eyes and shook her head.

Our interview satisfied my heart's hunger no further. The Verona's erratic voyage had cut me off from letters. Janet might be a widow, for aught I knew. She was always Janet to me; but why at liberty? why many months at Sarkeld, the guest of the princess? Was she neither maid nor widow—a wife flown from a brutal husband? or separated, and forcibly free? Under such conditions Ottilia would not have commanded my return: but what was I to imagine? A boiling couple of hours divided me from the time for dressing, when, as I meditated, I could put a chance question or two to the man commissioned to wait on me, and hear whether the English lady was a *fräulein*. The Margravine and Prince Ernest were absent. Hermann worked in his museum, displaying his treasures to Colonel Heddon. I sat with the ladies in the airy look-out tower of the lake-palace, a prey to intense speculations, which devoured themselves and changed from fire to smoke, while I recounted the adventures of our ship's voyage, and they behaved as if there were nothing to tell me in turn, each a sphinx holding the secret I thirsted for. I should not certainly have thirsted much if Janet had met me as far half-way as a delicate woman may advance. The mystery lay in her evident affection, and her apparent freedom and unfathomable reserve, and her desire that I should see Temple before she threw off her feminine armour, to which, judging by the indications, Ottilia seemed to me to accede.

My old friend was spied first by his sweetheart Lucy, winding dilatorily over the hill away from Sarkeld, in one of the royal carriages sent to meet him. He was guilty of wasting a prodigious number of minutes with his trumpery "How d'ye do's," and his glances and excuses, and then I had him up in my room, and the tale was told: it was not Temple's fault if he did not begin straightforwardly.

I plucked him from his narrator's vexatious and inevitable commencement: "Temple, tell me, did she go to the altar?"

He answered "Yes."

"She did? Then she's a widow?"

"No, she isn't," said Temple, distracting me by submitting to the lead I distracted him by taking.

"Then her husband's alive?"

Temple denied it, and a devil seized him to perceive some comicality in the dialogue.

"Was she married?"

Temple said "No," with a lurking drollery about his lips. He added, "It's nothing to laugh over, Richie."

"Am I laughing? Speak out. Did Edbury come to grief overnight in any way?"

Again Temple pronounced a negative, this time wilfully enigmatical: he confessed it, and accused me of the provocation. He dashed some laughter with gravity to prepare for my next assault.

"Was Edbury the one to throw up the marriage? Did he decline it?"

"No," was the answer once more.

Temple stopped my wrath by catching at me and begging me to listen. "Edbury was drowned, Richie."

"Overnight?"

"No, not overnight. I can tell it all in half-a-dozen words, if you'll be quiet; and I know you're going to be as happy as I am, or I shouldn't trifle an instant. He went overnight on board the *Priscilla* to see Mabel Sweetwinter, the only woman he ever could have cared for, and he went the voyage just as we did. He was trapped, caged, and transported; it's a repetition, except that the poor old *Priscilla* never came to land. She foundered in a storm in the North Sea. That's all we know. Every soul perished, the captain and all. I knew how it would be with that crew of his some day or other. Don't you remember my saying the *Priscilla* was the kind of name of a vessel that would go down with all hands, and leave a bottle to float to shore? A bottle was found on our east coast—the old captain must have discovered in the last moments that such things were on board—and in it there was a paper, and the passengers' and crew's names in his handwriting, written as if he had been sitting in his parlour at home; over them a line—'*The Lord's will is about to be done;*' and underneath—'*We go to His judgment resigned and cheerful.*' You know the old captain, Richie?"

Temple had tears in his eyes. We both stood blinking for a second or two.

I could not but be curious to hear the reason for Edbury's having determined to sail.

"Don't you understand how it was, Richie?" said Temple. "Edbury went to persuade her to stay, or just to see her for once, and he came to persuasions. He seems to have been succeeding, but the captain stepped on board, and he treated Edbury as he did us two: he made him take the voyage for discipline's sake and 'his soul's health.'"

"How do you know all this, Temple?"

"You know your friend Kiomi was one of the party. The captain sent her on shore because he had no room for her. She told us Edbury offered bribes of hundreds and thousands for the captain to let him and Mabel go off in the boat with Kiomi, and then he took to begging to go alone. He tried to rouse the crew. The poor fellow cringed, she says, and afterwards he threatened to swim off. The captain locked him up."

My immediate reflections hit on the Bible lessons Edbury must have had to swallow, and the gaping of the waters when its truths were suddenly and tremendously brought home to him.

An odd series of accidents ! I thought.

Temple continued : " Heriot held his tongue about it next morning. He was one of the guests, though he had sworn he wouldn't go. He said something to Janet that betrayed him, for she has not seen him since."

" How betrayed him ? " said I.

" Why," said Temple, " of course it was Heriot who put Edbury in Kiomi's hands. Edbury wouldn't have known of Mabel's sailing, or known the vessel she was in, without her help. She led him down to the water and posted him in sight before she went to Captain Welsh's ; and when you and Captain Welsh walked away, Edbury rowed to the Priscilla. Old Heriot is not responsible for the consequences. What he supposed was likely enough. He thought that Edbury and Mabel were much of a pair, and thought, I suppose, that if Edbury saw her he'd find he couldn't leave her, and old Lady Kane would stand nodding her plumes for nothing at the altar. And so she did ; and a pretty scene it was. She snatched at the minutes as they slipped past twelve like fishes, and snarled at the parson, and would have kept him standing till one p.m., if Janet had not turned on her heel. The old woman got in front of her to block her way. Janet said, ' Well ? ' Lady Kane muttered a word or two. ' Have you to accuse *me* of anything ? ' said Janet, and walked by. ' Ah, Temple,' she said to me, ' it would be hard if I could not think I had done all that was due to them.' I didn't see her again till she was starting for Germany. And, Richie, she thinks you can never forgive her. She wrote me word that the princess is of another mind, but her own opinion, she says, is based upon knowing you."

" Good heaven ! how little ! " cried I.

Temple did me a further wrong by almost thanking me on Janet's behalf for my sustained love for her, while he praised the very qualities of pride and a spirited sense of obligation which had reduced her to dread my unforgiveness. Yet he and Janet had known me longest. Supposing that my idea of myself differed from theirs for the simple reason that I thought of what I had grown to be, and they of what I had been through the previous years ? Did I judge by the flower, and they by root and stem ? But the flower is a thing of the season ; the flower drops off : it may be a different development next year. Did they not therefore judge me soundly ?

Ottilia was the keenest reader. Ottilia had divined what could be wrought out of me. I was still subject to the relapses of a not perfectly ripened nature, as I perceived when glancing back at my thought of the ' An odd series of accidents ! ' which was but a disguised fashion of attributing to providence the particular concern in my fortunes : an impiety and a folly ! This is the temptation of those who are rescued

and made happy by circumstances. The wretched think themselves spited, and are merely childish, not egregious in egotism. Thither on leads to a chapter—already written by the wise, doubtless. It does not become an atom of humanity to dwell on it beyond a point where students of the human condition may see him passing through the experiences of the flesh and the brain. Meantime, Temple and I, at two hand-basins, soaped and towelled, and I was more discreet towards him than I have been to you, for I reserved from him altogether the pronunciation of the council of senators in the secret chamber of my head. Whether, indeed, I have fairly painted the outer part of myself waxes dubious when I think of his spluttering laugh and shout: "Richie, you haven't changed a bit—you're just like a boy!" Certain indications of external gravity, and a sinking of the natural springs within, characterised Temple's approach to the responsible position of a British husband and father. We talked much of Captain Welsh, and the sedate practical irony of his imprisoning one like Edbury to discipline him on high seas, as well as the singular situation of the couple of culprits under his admonishing regimen, and the tragic end. My next two minutes alone with Janet was tempered by it. Only my eagerness for another term of privacy persuaded her that I was her lover instead of judge, and then, having made the discovery that a single-minded gladness animated me in the hope that she and I would travel together one in body and soul, she surrendered, with her last bit of pride broken; except, it may be, a fragment of reserve traceable in the confession that came quaintly after supreme self-blame, when she said she was bound to tell me that possibly—probably, were the trial to come over again, she should again act as she had done. Happily for us both, my wits had been sharpened enough to know that there is more in men and women than the stuff they utter. And blessed privilege now! if the lips were guilty of nonsense, I might stop them. Besides I was soon to be master upon such questions. She admitted it, admitting, with an unwonted emotional shiver, that absolute freedom could be the worst of perils. "For women?" said I. She preferred to say, "For girls;" and then, "Yes, for women, as they are educated at present." Spice of the princess's conversation flavoured her speech. The signs unfamiliar about her for me were marks of the fire she had come out of; the struggle, the torture, the determined sacrifice, through pride's conception of duty. She was iron once. She had come out of the fire finest steel.

"Riversley! Harry," she murmured, and my smile, and word, and squeeze in reply, brought back a whole gleam of the fresh English morning she had been in face, and voice, and person.

Was it conceivable that we could go back to Riversley single?

Before that was answered she had to make a statement; and in doing it she blushed, because it involved Edbury's name, and seemed to involve her attachment to him; but she paid me the compliment of speaking it frankly. It was that she had felt herself bound in honour to pay Edbury's debts. Even by such slight means as her saying, "Riversley,

Harry," and my kiss of her fingers when a question of money was in debate, did we burst aside the vestiges of mutual strangeness, and recognise one another, but with an added warmth of love. When I pleaded for the marriage to be soon, she said, "I wish it, Harry."

Sentiment you do not obtain from a Damascus blade. She most cordially despised the ladies who parade and play on their sex, and are for ever acting according to the feminine standard:—a dangerous stretch of contempt for one less strong than she.

Riding behind her and Temple one day with the princess, I said, "What takes you most in Janet?"

She replied, "Her courage. And it is of a kind that may knot up every other virtue worth having. I have impulses, and am capable of desperation, but I have no true courage: so I envy and admire, even if I have to blame her; for I know that this possession of hers, which identifies her and marks her from the rest of us, would bear the ordeal of fire. I can imagine the qualities I have most pride in withering and decaying under a prolonged trial. I cannot conceive her courage failing. Perhaps because I have it not myself I think it the rarest of precious gifts. It seems to me to imply one half, and to dispense with the other."

I have lived to think that Ottilia was right. As nearly right, too, in the wording of her opinion as one may be in three or four sentences designed to be comprehensive.

My Janet's readiness to meet calamity was shown ere we reached home upon an evening of the late autumn, and set eye on a scene, for her the very saddest that could have been devised to test her spirit of endurance, when, driving up the higher heath-land, we saw the dark sky ominously reddened over Riversley, and, mounting the ridge, had the funeral flames of the old Grange dashed in our faces. The blow was evil, sudden, unaccountable. Villagers, tenants, farm-labourers, groups of a deputation that had gone to the railway-station to give us welcome, and returned, owing to a delay in our arrival, stood gazing from all quarters. The Grange was burning in two great wings, that soared in flame-tips and columns of crimson smoke, leaving the central hall and chambers untouched as yet, but alive inside with mysterious ranges of lights, now curtained, now made bare—a feeble contrast to the savage blaze to right and left, save for the wonder aroused as to its significance. These were soon cloaked. Dead sable reigned in them, and at once a jet of flame gave the whole vast building to destruction. My wife thrust her hand in mine. Fire at the heart, fire at the wings—our old home stood in that majesty of horror which freezes the limbs of men, bidding them look and no more. "What has Riversley done to deserve this?" I heard Janet murmur to herself. "His room!" she said, when at the south-east wing, where my old grandfather had slept, there burst a glut of flame. We drove down to the park and along the carriage-road to the first red line of gazers. They told us that no living creatures were in the house. My aunt

Dorothy was at Bulsted. I perceived my father's man, Tollingby, among the servants, and called him to me; others came, and out of a clatter of tongues, and all eyes fearfully askant at the wall of fire, we gathered that a great reception had been prepared for us by my father: lamps, lights in all the rooms, torches in the hall, illuminations along the windows, stores of fireworks, such a display as only he could have dreamed of. The fire had broken out at dusk, from an explosion of fireworks at one wing and some inexplicable mismanagement at the other. But the house must have been like a mine, what with the powder, the torches, the devices in paper and muslin, and the extraordinary decorations fitted up to celebrate our return in harmony with my father's fancy. Gentlemen on horseback dashed up to us. Captain Bulsted seized my hand. He was hot from a ride to fetch engines, and sung sharp in my ear, "Have you got him?" It was my father he meant. The cry rose for my father, and the groups were agitated and split, and the name of the missing man, without an answer to it, shouted. Captain Bulsted had left him bravely attempting to quench the flames after the explosion of fireworks. He rode about, interrogating the frightened servants and grooms holding horses and dogs. They could tell us that the cattle were safe, not a word of my father; and amid shrieks of women at fresh falls of timber and ceiling into the pit of fire, and warnings from the men, we ran the heated circle of the building to find a loophole and offer aid if a living soul should be left; the night around us bright as day, busier than day, and a human now added to elemental horror. Janet would not quit her place. She sent her carriage-horses to Bulsted, and sat in the carriage to see the last of burning Riversley. Each time that I came to her she folded her arms on my neck and kissed me silently. She wept more when little Kiomi was found after a winter night stretched over the grave of her child, frozen dead; more when news came to us that our friend Heriot had fallen on an Indian battle-field.

We gathered from the subsequent testimony of men and women of the household who had collected their wits, that my father must have remained in the doomed old house to look to the safety of my aunt Dorothy. He was never seen again.

2

1